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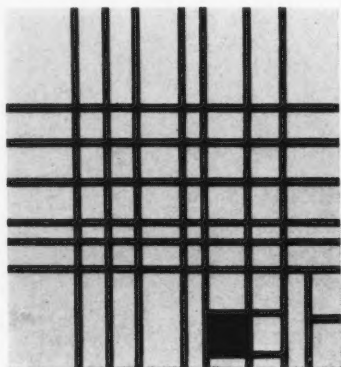
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ARTS

October 1960/Vol. 35, No. 1

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JAMES R. MELLOW

Assistant Editor:
ESTA LESLIE

Contributing Editors:
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Circulation:
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European Advertising Representatives:
J. ARTHUR COOK
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Contributors

K. A. Jelenski is a Polish writer and critic currently living in Paris. He is on the staff of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and writes frequently for the journal *Preuves*. His essay in this number appeared originally in the Polish-language journal *Kultura*, published in Paris, and has been translated for ARTS by I. A. Langnas. Mr. Jelenski's writings have appeared in *Partisan Review* and *The New Leader* in this country.

Sidney Tillim, who reports on the Venice Biennale, regularly reviews New York exhibitions for ARTS and has also contributed to *Kenyon Review*, *Modern Age*, *Progressive Architecture* and the *College Art Journal*. He is currently holding a one-man show of his paintings at the Cober Gallery.

A frequent contributor, **Edouard Roditi** in this issue sets modern Russian art against its historical background. His *Dialogues on Art*, a series of documentary interviews with internationally famous artists, was recently published in London by Secker and Warburg.

The critic **Alfred Werner** was reared in Vienna, the arena of Egon Schiele's struggles. Mr. Werner has in progress a book on Jules Pascal, to be published by Harry N. Abrams.

George Woodcock, reviewer of Eric Newton's *The Arts of Man*, contributed the article on Indian art in the September issue and is now writing an essay-review, to appear next month, on André Malraux's forthcoming *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*.

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Franz Kline, *Initial* (1959); collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, New York. See Sidney Tillim's "Report on the Venice Biennale," pages 28-35.

Forthcoming

Clement Greenberg writes on the great show of **Flemish masterpieces** opening this month at the Detroit Institute of Art . . . **Creighton Gilbert** reports on his current travels to **European museums** . . . **Martica Sawin** is preparing a profile of the American painter **Ralph Rosenberg** . . . **Leslie Katz** reviews the **Maurice Prendergast** retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston . . . a pictorial report on the Museum of Modern Art's display of "**Visionary Architecture**."

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LETTERS

The Forgotten Faces

To the Editor:

You are to be commended for publishing Mr. Leslie Katz's interesting article, "The Forgotten Faces," in your June issue. It is thanks to his efforts and those of others, such as Mrs. Ada Louise Huxtable, that we lose our blinkers when we go about the city.

He is quite right in observing that, with the spread of "monotonous newness," the city's sculpture is disappearing and that, no doubt, when it is all gone, people will begin to collect it.

Toward the end of the article he asks the Museum of the City of New York and the Fine Arts Commission to save a few examples. It is not in the province of the Museum, as much as it desires, to rescue even the more picturesque examples which he praises. As to the Fine Arts Commission, I presume he refers to the Art Commission of the City of New York. Its duties are strictly limited by the City Charter to passing on the designs of buildings and objects of art commissioned by or given to the city, and then its judgment is on an aesthetic basis.

Or perhaps Mr. Katz is referring to the Municipal Art Society of New York. In that case, he will be pleased to learn that the Society has taken action in conjunction with the National Sculpture Society. Jointly they have formed a committee to save, whenever possible, the better examples of the city's sculpture which are threatened with destruction. You may recall that this committee, under the chairmanship of the distinguished architect Mr. Francis Keally, was responsible for rescuing the three statues of Karl T. F. Bitter which once adorned the façade of the St. Paul Building on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street. When the building was about to be torn down, Mr. Keally and his associates approached the officials of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., the owner of the building, and together they saw that the statues were removed safely; these works of Bitter are now to be found in a park in Indianapolis.

In a modest way the Museum does attempt to bring the attention of an interested public to the sculpture about the city. This it does by sponsoring a series of Walking Tours on alternate Sundays in the clement seasons. While the emphasis of the tours is on all aspects of our heritage, for obvious reasons they give prominence to the arts. The aim that Mr. Katz has of saving some of our sculpture will be achieved only when a sufficient number of New Yorkers learn and care about our artistic past.

HENRY HOPE REED, JR.

In Charge of the Walking Tours
Museum of the City of New York

The Erotic Style

To the Editor:

In Mr. Kramer's "The Erotic Style" [September] he falls into an error which, even as a casual reader, I could not let stand uncontested.

Are other readers so apathetic as to accept his statement that "Design . . . always aspires to an ideal, whereas art addresses itself to actuality"? Is there no place for the ideal—or for design—in art? And even if the realm of art is "to illuminate experience" rather than to concern itself with an ideal, is there no place for ideals in our experience; has the ideal no role in our life? If so, we are in a bad way.

We must then relegate Michelangelo's sculptural idealizations, Titian's noble personages, the

perfection of Juan Gris's abstract statements, to the status of design—while any sordid howl, shriek or whine, dashed in frenzy over a mistreated canvas, automatically becomes art. (After all, the latter represents what exists in the artist's psyche—not what could exist if he pulled himself together. *That* would be too ideal.)

Mr. Kramer's hairsplitting has led him into an awkward corner. Let him explain how we are to take his distinction between art and design, if not in this sense. This tendency of our critics to proceed from an insight to an absurd generalization is quite damaging to contemporary art. A look at the Whitney's "Young America" show will bear me out—it shows clearly the tendency of modern painting to split into its component parts, each forming a hermetic little school. Our schizophrenic art is not going to regain its wholeness until public and artists refuse to think along with the critics.

DORIS HEITMEYER
New York City

Artists and Critics

To the Editor:

I very carefully reread Mr. Tillim's review of the work of Lawrence Calcagno in the April issue of your ARTS [see "Letters," September], and I thoroughly disagree with Vera Colescott with regard to Mr. Tillim's write-up. It is obviously a negative reaction Mr. Tillim had to Mr. Calcagno's work, but then it is the privilege, nay, the duty, of an art critic to give his honest reactions—bad or good. The only complaint one would be justified in making about an art critic would be his totally ignoring an exhibition, especially that of a veteran painter or sculptor. That would be a slight—petty and malicious. Mr. Tillim wrote rather expansively about Mr. Calcagno's paintings; as for his negative criticism, well, one should take it philosophically, because what one critic may totally reject another may find extremely meaningful. *C'est la vie!*

No, I really see nothing "poisonous" in that write-up, nor anything "shocking." Just another analysis of the artist's work about which Mr. Tillim did seem to feel strongly.

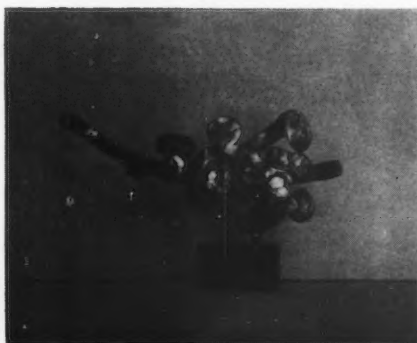
RIFKA ANGEL
New York City

Sculpture Stolen

To the Editor:

The accompanying photograph shows a bronze sculpture by Sidney Gordin, 22-60, which was stolen from the gallery. The piece is approximately six inches high and twelve inches wide. I would appreciate any information concerning the whereabouts of this work.

GRACE BORGENICHT
Grace Borgenicht Gallery
1018 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.



at THE ALAN GALLERY:

SEASON 1960-1961

ONE-MAN EXHIBITIONS

Oct. 3: NATHAN OLIVEIRA

Oct. 24: RICHARD HUNT

Nov. 14: BRYAN WILSON

Dec. 3: NEW WORK I

Dec. 28: JOHN THOMAS

Jan. 23: ROBERT KNIPSCHILD

Feb. 13: WILLIAM BRICE

Mar. 6: NEW WORK II

Mar. 27: GEORGE L. K. MORRIS

Apr. 17: REUBEN TAM

May 7: JACOB LAWRENCE

June 5: NEW WORK III

SELECTIONS OF NEW WORK IN THREE GROUP EXHIBITIONS

OLIVER ANDREWS

CARROLL CLOAR

BRUCE CONNER

ROBERT D'ARISTA

HERBERT KATZMAN

WILLIAM KING

WESLEY LEA

JACK LEVINE

EDMUND LEWANDOWSKI

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Two Important Public Sales

October 19 at 8 p.m.

**NOTABLE PRIMITIVES
RENAISSANCE AND
BAROQUE PAINTINGS
XVIII-XIX CENTURY WORKS**

From the Collections of
The Late **LILLIAN S. TIMKEN**
And of **GLADYS LLOYD ROBINSON**
JOHN J. ASTOR • OTHER OWNERS

DOSSO DOSSI	<i>Allegorical Figure with Cupid</i>
TINTORETTO	<i>Portrait of a Prelate</i>
TURNER	<i>Port Ruysdael, 1827</i>

Other major works include *Ecce Homo* by Aelbert Bouts; a *Virgin and Child* by Bernard van Orley; *The Music Party* by Terborch; two portraits of children by Greuze; *Allegorical Scene* by Tiepolo in grisaille; *Classical Landscape* by Hubert Robert; and works by Ugolino da Siena, Bernardo Strozzi, Pellegrini, Jan Steen, Hoppner, Reynolds and Raeburn

On View from October 15

Illustrated Catalogue Containing
Three Gravures \$2

October 26 at 8 p.m.

The **GLADYS LLOYD
ROBINSON**

Collection of
MODERN PAINTINGS
And Important Works from Other Owners

MODIGLIANI	<i>Boy in a Green Suit</i>
ROUAULT	<i>Potentate: Pierrot</i>
DEGAS	<i>Trois Jockeys</i>
VUILLARD	<i>La Loge, 1910</i>

Other important works include *The Port of Dieppe* by Pissarro; *Hotel du Laboureur near Rueil-la-Gadalière* by Vlaminck; a seascape and *Beach Scene* by Boudin; *Paysage* by Léger and other paintings and drawings by Picasso, Utrillo, Signac, Degas, Matisse and von Dongen.

SCULPTURES feature a rare marble group
Two Penguins by BRANCUSI

On View from October 22

Illustrated Catalogue Containing
Four Color Plates and one Gravure \$2

AUCTIONS

Parke-Bernet Announce Two Major Art Sales for October

THE New York auction house of Parke-Bernet has scheduled an important sale of old masters for an evening session on October 19. A week later, on October 26, and also in an evening session, there will follow an important sale of moderns.

The old-master sale of October 19 comprises Primitives, Renaissance and Baroque paintings from the collections of the late Lillian S. Timken and of Gladys Lloyd Robinson, John J. Astor and other owners. Notable among the works to be offered is Dosso Dossi's *Allegorical Figure with Cupid*, recorded in Berenson's *North Italian Painters of the Renaissance*. Turner is represented by his *Port Ruysdael* (1827), from the John J. Astor collection.

The evening session of October 26 will offer the Gladys Lloyd Robinson collection of modern paintings and important works from other owners. Among the outstanding pictures from the Robinson collection are a seascape and a beach scene by Boudin, Pissarro's *The Port of Dieppe*, Modigliani's *Boy in Green Suit*, a *Pierrot* by Rouault and Vlaminck's *Hôtel du Laboureur*. Of particular note among the paintings from other owners are a pastel by Vuillard, *La Loge*, and a Degas pastel, *Trois Jockeys*, formerly in the collection of Ambroise Vollard.

AUCTION CALENDAR

October 7 & 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Venetian furniture and decorative objects, Part III in liquidation of the stock of Dinolevi, Ltd. An extensive selection of cabinetwork in the Venetian Louis XV and XVI styles, as well as unusual decorative objects. Exhibition now.

October 13, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Semiprecious mineral carvings, ivories, Chinese decorative objects and furniture, from Mrs. A. Wynschenk and other owners. Included in the collection are a carved jade statuette of a Bodhisattva, with spinach-jade stand, and a carved *fei-ts'ui* jade vase group, mounted as a lamp. Exhibition from October 8.

October 14 & 15, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations, Doccia Capo di Monte and other porcelains, Limoges painted enamels, silver, bronzes, paintings, tapestries, rugs, from the estate of the late Charles H. Morse. Among the tapestries are a Mortlake example, c. 1690, *The Concert*, and a Beauvais panel of the nineteenth century depicting *The Court of Venus*. Exhibition from October 8.

October 19, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Notable Primitives, Renaissance and Baroque paintings; from the collections of the late Lillian S. Timken and of Gladys Lloyd Robinson, John J. Astor and other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from October 15.

October 21 & 22, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The John J. Gunther collection of fine American furniture, paintings and decorations, removed from Coventry Hall, York, Maine, sold by order of Canal National Bank, Portland, Maine, and of John J. Gunther III. Of special interest is a group of some hundred American primitive portraits, landscapes and other paintings. Exhibition from October 15.

October 25, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American and

other rare autographs, from various owners. Included are manuscripts of signers of the Declaration of Independence, presidents of the U.S., early American currency, a 1789 Indian peace medal and other medals, and several fine specimens of autographs of prominent musicians and composers, notably a letter from Chopin to the daughter of George Sand. Exhibition from October 15.

October 26, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The Gladys Lloyd Robinson collection of modern paintings, and important works from other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from October 22.

October 28 & 29, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, Aubusson and other rugs, the property of Mrs. Inga L. de Irigoyen and other owners. Exhibition from October 22.

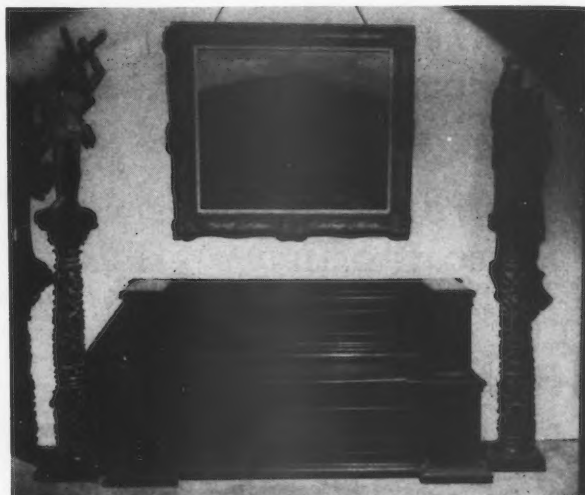
November 3, 4 & 5, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Collection of the late Myron C. Taylor, Part I, sold by order of the trustees of the Myron and Anabel Taylor Foundation. English seventeenth- and eighteenth-century furniture, Stuart stumpwork and needlepoint pictures, Oriental Lowestoft porcelains, Stuart and Georgian silver, and French and Italian eighteenth-century furniture. Paintings include such important American portraits as a depiction of Simon Pease, Sr., a prominent merchant of Newport, Rhode Island, by Robert Feke. Exhibition from October 29.

November 11 & 12, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Collection of the late Myron C. Taylor, Part II. Italian and French Renaissance furniture, Gothic sculptures and tapestries, Della Robbia enameled terra cottas, old-master paintings, and Persian and Spanish sixteenth- and seventeenth-century carpets. Paintings include Goya's *Maja in Red Cloak*, an Aragonese fifteenth-century altarpiece with six panels, and many others. Exhibition from November 5.

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GALLERY OPEN FROM 1 to 5 P.M.

ARTS

announces for publication
in the coming season:

THE FLEMISH MASTERS

By Clement Greenberg

An Essay-Review on Reyner
Banham's "Theory and Design
in the First Machine Age."

By Paul Goodman

THE MINIATURE MAYAN

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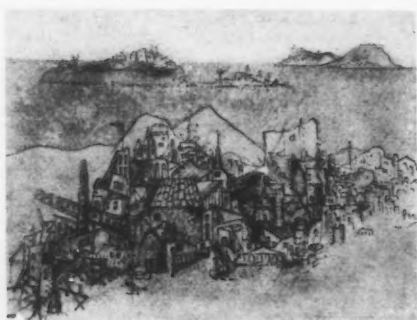
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WOLS La ville et les îles
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O'KEEFE, RATTNER, SHAHN,
DOI, OSBORN, STASACK &
TSENG YU-HO. Sculpture by
ZORACH & ZAJAC

AMERICAN ART

PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Daniel Catton Rich



Boris Margo



Charles Eames



Carl J. Weinhardt

Daniel Catton Rich (above), director of the Worcester Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts, has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, which operates the Guggenheim Museum in New York. Mr. Rich has been director of the Worcester Museum since 1958; he came to Worcester from the Chicago Art Institute, where he was director from 1945 to 1958.

The painter Boris Margo (above) of New York will be visiting professor of art at the University of Illinois for the first semester of the current academic year, teaching graduate and advanced students in painting. The painter Jack Tworok of New York will also visit the Illinois campus during March and April, holding for that period the title of visiting professor. His stay will coincide with the university's biennial Festival of Contemporary Arts.

The first Kaufmann International Design Award has been given to the American designers Charles (above) and Ray Eames. The Kaufmann award, which carries a prize of \$20,000, is the largest ever offered in the field of design. Mr. and Mrs. Eames were selected to receive it for their "outstanding record of achievement in the practice of design." Established by the Edgar J. Kaufmann Foundation, the award is administered by the Institute of International Education, and the winners were selected by an international jury of designers, critics and teachers. The jury also voted a special commendation in memory of Adriano Olivetti, who died early this year. The head of the Olivetti Co., Mr. Olivetti was a dominant influence on design in Italy, and his efforts toward improving the character of design for corporations were felt throughout the world.

Seven painters won prizes at the Los Angeles and Vicinity 1960 Annual Exhibition, which was held at the Los Angeles County Museum during August and September. The winners were Art Hassen, Norman Holden, Kay Kauzlarich, Viona Ann Kendall, Susan Lowe, Louis L. Lunetta and Ruth Saturensky. The jury was made up of the painter Richard Diebenkorn, Henry S. Francis, Curator of Paintings at the Cleveland Museum of Art, and the critic Clement Greenberg.

Walter C. Baker, New York financier, has been elected a vice-president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. A noted collector of drawings and classical antiquities, Mr. Baker has

been associated with the Metropolitan since 1948, when he was elected a trustee. As vice-president he succeeds Devereux C. Josephs, who will remain on the board of the museum.

Carl J. Weinhardt (above) has been appointed director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. He succeeds Sam Hunter, who has been serving as acting director. Mr. Weinhardt, who is thirty-three years old, has been associated with the Metropolitan Museum in New York since 1955, first as assistant curator of prints, and then as associate curator. He came to the Metropolitan from Harvard University, where he had spent several years in postgraduate studies in fine arts. He is a magna cum laude graduate of Harvard College.

The Columbia School of Architecture will hold a two-month program next spring honoring Walter Gropius, Le Corbusier, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and the late Frank Lloyd Wright as the founders of modern architecture, Dean Charles R. Colbert has announced. Titled "The Four Great Makers," the program will bring each of the three men and Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright to the school for a two-week period to meet with an international group of architects, educators and writers. They will participate in a series of exhibitions, seminars, lectures and broadcasts. At that time retrospective shows of the four will be held in the Guggenheim Museum, built by Wright. The exhibitions will be designed by the architect Philip Johnson, the sculptor Constantino Nivola, Gyorgy Kepes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Paul Grotz, art director of the Architectural Forum. A series of meetings for students of architecture at East Coast schools will also be organized by the Columbia student body. The program is under the general chairmanship of James Marston Fitch, professor of history at the School.

The Tamarind Lithography Workshop has opened in Los Angeles to artists selected to use its specially equipped shop. The Workshop, whose long-range program is to restore the art of lithography as a medium for creative printmaking by Americans, is financed with a grant of \$165,000 for three years by the Ford Foundation's Program in Humanities and the Arts. The project was originally proposed to the Foundation by the Los Angeles artist June Wayne, herself an expert lithographer, who now directs the workshop. Each year a panel of experts in the field will select eight to ten American artists to receive fellowships for two or more months.

and will also grant printing fellowships. The initial artists' fellowships were granted to **Romas Viešulas** and **Aubrey Schwartz** of New York and to **Jules Engel** and **Bernard Rosenthal** of Los Angeles; **Joe Funk** of Los Angeles has been awarded the first printer's fellowship. The painter and printmaker **Clinton Adams**, on leave from his position as chairman of the Department of Art of the University of Florida, is associate director, and **Garó Antreasian**, on leave from the faculty of the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis, is technical director and master printer. A nonprofit organization, the Tamarind Lithography Workshop is administered by a board of directors which includes **John Entenza**, editor and publisher of *Arts and Architecture* in Los Angeles; **Ebria Feinblatt**, curator of prints and drawings at the Los Angeles County Museum; **Calvin J. Goodman**, of Los Angeles, an industrial engineer; **Allan J. Greenberg** of Los Angeles, an attorney; **Fred Grunwald** of Los Angeles, a manufacturer, collector, and founder of the University of California Grunwald Graphic Arts Foundation; **Harold Joachim**, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the Art Institute of Chicago; the artist **Benton Spruance** of Philadelphia; **James Johnson Sweeney** of New York; **Gustave von Groschwitz**, senior curator of prints at the Cincinnati Art Museum; and **June Wayne** of Los Angeles. The panel that selects the workshop fellows is comprised of Clinton Adams, the artist **Kenneth Callahan** of Seattle, John Entenza, Ebria Feinblatt, Alfred Frankenstein, art critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Harold Joachim, **Douglas MacAgy**, director of the Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts, Benton Spruance, James Johnson Sweeney, Gustave von Groschwitz, and **Carl Zigrosser**, curator of prints at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

NEWS NOTES

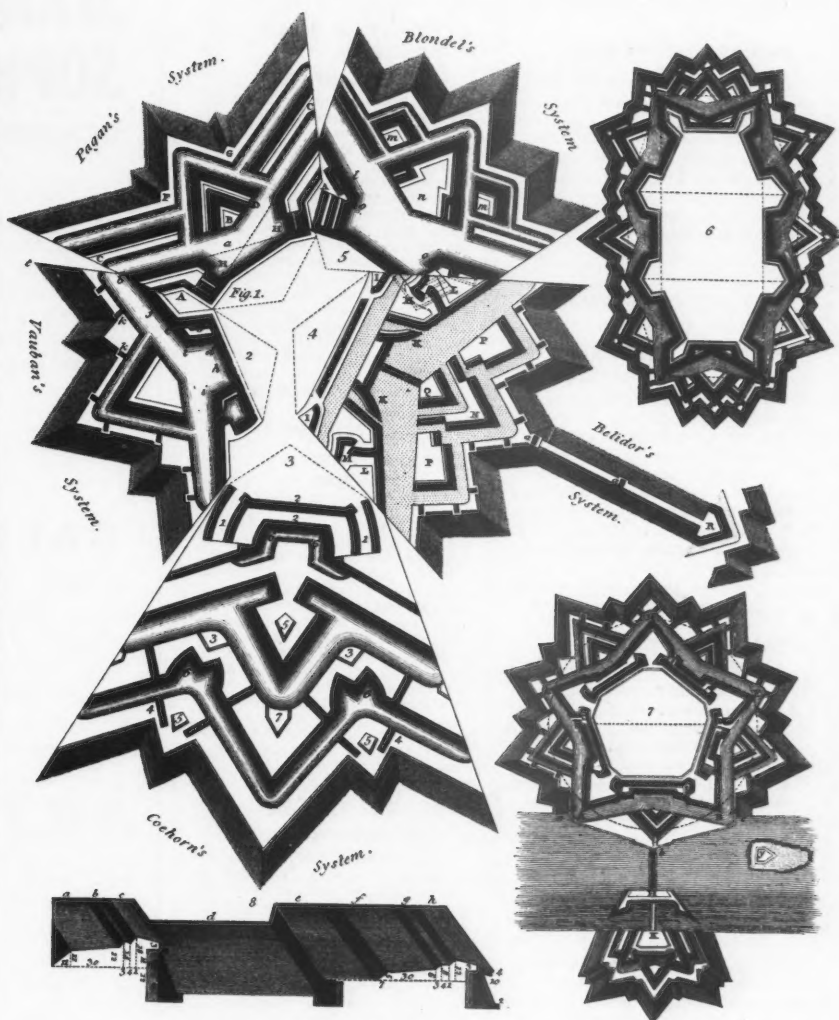
The Trustees of the **Pierpont Morgan Library** in New York have announced that the East and West Rooms in the original library will be open to the public during the 1960-61 season while the extensive reconstruction program is proceeding in the Annex Building. The reconstruction program will provide a lecture hall, conservation laboratory, photographic reference library, public reception room, enlarged working quarters for the staff and visiting research specialists, and air conditioning.

The **Art Information Center**, at 853 Lexington Avenue (near 65th Street) in New York, will open a public reading room on October 3. Outstanding European monthlies and quarterlies as well as important American periodicals in the fields of art, architecture and design will be available. The room will be open daily, except Sundays and holidays, from noon to 5:30 p.m.

OBITUARY

The art collector **Stephen C. Clark** died on September 17 in New York at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. Clark's collection included works of Rembrandt, Hals, El Greco and notable Impressionist and Post-Impressionist canvases. He was a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art in 1929 and chairman of its board from 1939 to 1946. A trustee of the Metropolitan Museum since 1932, he served as Vice-President from 1941 to 1945, and was declared a benefactor of the museum in 1951.

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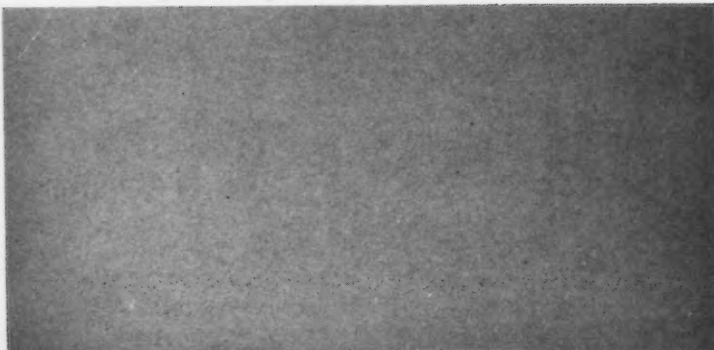
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EDITORIAL

Thoughts in a Political Season

I say we had best look our times and lands searchingly in the face, like a physician diagnosing some deep disease. Never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believ'd in, (for all this hectic glow, and these melodramatic screamings), nor is humanity itself believ'd in. What penetrating eye does not everywhere see through the mask? The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. . . . Conversation is a mass of badinage. From deceit in the spirit, the mother of all false deeds, the offspring is already incalculable. An acute and candid person, in the revenue department in Washington, who is led by the course of his employment to regularly visit the cities, north, south and west, to investigate frauds, has talk'd much with me about his discoveries. The depravity of the business classes of our country is not less than has been supposed, but infinitely greater. The official services of America, national, state, and municipal, in all their branches and departments, except the judiciary, are saturated in corruption, bribery, falsehood, mal-administration; and the judiciary is tainted. The great cities reek with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism. In fashionable life, flippancy, tepid amours, weak infidelism, small aims, or no aims at all, only to kill time. In business, (this all-devouring modern word, business) the one sole object is, by any means, pecuniary gain. The magician's serpent in the fable ate up all the other serpents; and money-making is our magician's serpent, remaining to-day sole master of the field. The best class we show, is but a mob of fashionably dress'd speculators and vulgarians. True, indeed, behind this fantastic farce, enacted on the visible stage of society, solid things and stupendous labors are to be discover'd, existing crudely and going on in the background, to advance and tell themselves in time. Yet the truths are none the less terrible. I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development, products, and in a certain highly-deceptive superficial popular intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and esthetic results. . . . It is as if we were somehow being endow'd with a vast and more and more thoroughly-appointed body, and then left with little or no soul.

—Walt Whitman, in *Democratic Vistas*.



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BOOKS

THE ARTS OF MAN by Eric Newton. New York Graphic Society. \$5.95.

THE Museum without Walls is followed by the Museum between Covers; it is perhaps an inevitable regression. There must be many embarrassing followers of Malraux who, with a lesser equipment of intellect and taste, set happily about the task of establishing relationships in the great world of Art Set Free that has been created by modern processes of reproduction. Malraux's idea (or perhaps rather Malraux's phrase) has become a great justification for anthologists of the arts, and it is as an anthologist—openly making a bow to the author of *Les Voix du Silence*—that Eric Newton appears with his new volume, *The Arts of Man*.

The title, let me say from the start, is a snare; this is not, as one might expect, a general treatise on the character or the history of human artistic achievement. It is in fact a picking by Mr. Newton of some 175 works which he considers his favorites among the masterpieces of world art; "Personal Preference," or "Newton's Choice," would have been a less misleading title. Each illustration is accompanied by a page or so of explication, and, perhaps in a hasty attempt to justify the pretensions of his title, Mr. Newton has added a brief theoretical introduction on such matters as "The Medium and Its Effect on the Work of Art" and "Vision and Style," as well as linking-prefaces introducing each period; we get our briefing on primitive art in less than a page and are prepared for the Renaissance in a page and a third.

The rare anthology, prepared by a man of broad synthetic vision and high natural taste, can open vast windows and illumine a whole period, a whole field. Most anthologies, however, narrow rather than enlarge; inspired by no great revelatory idea, they give the moderately knowledgeable reader or viewer little that he does not know already, and their value is ultimately at the mercy of taste rather than judgment.

The Arts of Man is not one of the rare anthologies. It is hard to find in it any idea greater than that of producing a potboiling gift volume. No new critical concept, no exciting pattern of relationships emerges. We have merely a man saying, "This is what I like," and what he does like makes us wonder at times why his preference should carry any particular authority. Like a good Slade Professor, Mr. Newton is safe enough when he travels on the main line that runs from the Parthenon to Rouen Cathedral and Le Mont Sainte-Victoire; here he even occasionally delights by such decisions as that which makes him choose Turner's water color of *The Rigi at Sunset* instead of one of the celebrated oils. But once he wanders away from the stations, Mr. Newton has only his taste to lead him, and it is evidently an indifferent guide, for his choices in the twentieth century and anywhere outside Europe are odd and often weak. It is odd, for example, to represent American painting in our century only by Horace Pippin, Ben Shahn and Abe Rattner; it is equally odd to represent the new tendencies in postwar international painting by a single Soulagès. Even more seriously, the whole of the small section (a mere 24 plates out of 174) with which the arts of Asia and Africa are represented is tainted by an obvious failure to see these alien traditions in their own terms; every one of Mr. Newton's choices in these fields is that of a European rather blindly seeking for the comfortingly familiar hint, and he finds it, predictably,

in such lesser artists as Hokusai and Hiroshige. Finally, one wonders what—except perhaps nostalgia for the high old days of Diaghilev—could have prompted the inclusion of a most effete theatrical Bakst water color among the 174 great works of world art!

In the comments that accompany the illustrations, Mr. Newton is, as always, well informed, superficial in his insights, and given to the kind of mechanical jargon which makes him, in one memorable short sentence, batter us in succession with "hypnotic message," "subtle craftsmanship," "unusual sensitivity," "infinite patience." There should be a museum—with walls—for such writing.

George Woodcock

DEUX CRITIQUES D'ART DE L'EPOQUE ROMANTIQUE by Pontus Grate. Almqvist and Wiksell, Stockholm; distributed in U.S. by Wittenborn and Co. \$12.50.

IMPRESSIONISTES ET SYMBOLISTES DEVANT LA PRESSE by Jacques Lethère. Armand Colin, Paris; distributed in U.S. by Wittenborn and Co. \$2.00.

BEFORE welcoming these valuable and in Mr. Grate's case stimulating volumes, let me admit that I can't regard books about long-dead critics and long-unread criticism with much enthusiasm. Even at its best art criticism is journalism, written at the moment and for the moment, and no critic ought ever to deceive himself into thinking that posterity is going to be greatly interested in what he has to say.

One has to confess that when they are disinterred by scholars like Mr. Grate and M. Lethère the nineteenth-century critics make pretty dull reading. If they were perceptive, what they wrote has now become commonplace; and if they were not, then it usually appears downright silly. In neither case does the critic, poor man, cut a very impressive figure. History, the artist will be pleased to note, is on his side, and one is frequently at a loss to understand how so-and-so could possibly have had the authority and prestige that he possessed in his own time.

Art criticism in retrospect is probably less interesting for its own sake than for the light that it sheds on the artistic background of a period. The body of critics mirror in explicit fashion all the unexpressed reactions of the public to new forms of art. This forms a general climate which in turn influences the artist's thinking. Because he realizes this and draws certain conclusions from it, Mr. Grate's book is by far the more penetrating and revealing of the two.

Deux Critiques d'Art de l'Epoque Romantique concentrates on a period that has hitherto not received much scholarly attention—1824-50 is indeed almost a dark age in the history of French nineteenth-century art. Mr. Grate chooses the two leading critics of the time, Gustave Planche and Théophile Thoré, and uses their words and attitudes to illuminate the problems that confronted the painters and their public: What was the role of tradition? Did history painting have a future? Should art have a social purpose? Was landscape the essentially Romantic art? In what way, if at all, should art be "modern"?—and so on.

Neither Planche nor Thoré comes out of the examination unscathed. Unlike most of their contemporaries they were not taken in by the second-rate (Delaroche, Horace Vernet), and could usually recognize quality where they saw it (in Delacroix, Huet, Rousseau, and, in Thoré's case, in Corot). Too often, however, their theories about what they wanted art to be—so important to them, so boring to us—came between them and

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their responses to the works of art themselves.

Mr. Grate picks his way through this tangle of outworn ideas with great dexterity. His exposition is very clear, and as a result one learns a great deal about French art in the thirties and forties, and in particular about the way that Romanticism changed into Realism. For once the title seems a modest understatement for what will certainly be a standard work on the period.

M. LETHÈRE takes 1863 as his starting point, but the gap between the two books has already been in part filled by J. C. Sloane's *French Painting between Past and Present*, which deals with the years 1848-70. In comparison with Grate and Sloane, M. Lethère is more modest in his approach: his primary concern is with the press and its reaction to revolutionary novelty in painting and poetry. He has diligently searched (and listed) all the newspapers and periodicals of the period, and quotes from them extensively and with a minimum of reflection. Unlike Grate he says little about the public, nor does he analyze the views of individual critics in the same way.

As the title suggests, his book falls, rather clumsily, into two parts. The first deals with Manet and the Impressionist painters and covers the years 1863-81, with a brief glance at the first contemporary reactions to Gauguin and Van Gogh. The second part is devoted to the Symbolist poets, especially Mallarmé, Rimbaud and Verlaine, and concentrates on the period 1884-91. The division is almost a willful one; it would surely have been more interesting to study press reactions to Naturalist writers like Zola and the Concourts along with the Impressionists, or to have made a more thorough investigation of the reception accorded to the painters (like Gauguin) who were more in sympathy with the Symbolist poets. As a consequence, M. Lethère's picture is a very two dimensional one, but the book is useful if regarded as a very full collection of texts that are often in part or in translation familiar from such books as Rewald's *History of Impressionism* or G. H. Hamilton's *Manet and His Critics*.

Impressionistes et Symbolistes appears in a series of studies of the role of the press in contemporary life, as both an opinion-forming and opinion-reflecting organ. M. Lethère's conclusion is the entirely negative one that critics and journalists writing in daily and weekly newspapers played and still play very little part in helping the public to an understanding of contemporary art. What good they succeed in doing is inevitably undone by the harm caused by their confrères who will go on shouting "*Toujours le même barbouillage vide*" at everything new and unfamiliar just as Albert Wolff did at the fifth Impressionist exhibition in 1880.

Nevertheless, I feel that M. Lethère (who is not, so far as I know, an art critic) is too gloomy. One thing that both books make clear is that writing on contemporary art does serve a useful, even an essential, purpose. For there is what one might almost call a pattern of emergence for the truly original artist. At first he meets with indifference, derision or hostility, and can only count on the support of a few fellow artists. Then a few collectors, a dealer and a critic or two attach themselves to him, and by their combined efforts of persuasion and explanation help him through to a wider public. Appreciation snowballs, and if he's lucky to live long enough and survive changes of fashion and the disasters of history there's a good chance that he will end up a wealthy and successful man. (The few exceptions to this pattern of emergence are usually the result of premature death or a latent wish for self-destruction—e.g., Gauguin.)

continued on page 69



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approach . . .

A VERY handsome exhibition catalogue came in the mail not long ago. It was one of the opulent kind, thick, with a cover in full color, and a reproduction for every painting. The exhibition was of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painting, and all the works came from one collection, a famous one. Altogether a worthy accompaniment for a worthy display to the public. Is it not by handling such presentations, and cataloguing them, that museum officials justify their wage? Yes, certainly, for they are in line with the most sacred axiom of American museum policy: don't just collect, educate the people.

But this catalogue was a little strange in one respect: its text. There was a paragraph giving background information or analysis of each picture, signed with initials—many different initials appeared. But they were not those of the staff of the museum. A sentence from the foreword explains why; the director pointed out that there was no time to prepare commentaries, and so old ones were re-used, available from another exhibit of the same collection held fifteen years ago or so.

Perhaps this would not annoy me so much if I didn't have a pet peeve against people who claim lack of time as the reason for not doing something which otherwise, it seems, they would like to do because it is so fine or important. All of us have a given amount of time, and (aside from the fraction we all agree to waste) we do with it what in effect is most important or pressing or interesting to us. "I didn't have time" must be translated as "It had a low priority for me." The same applies to "I couldn't afford it." This happens most commonly when what we chose to do or buy has less status than what we didn't "have time for." "I didn't have time to read Dostoevski; I couldn't afford to buy a painting" (after I bought a television set). It is clear where the effective preference for the use of time and money lies. But these expressions are stubborn, because they sound so much more virtuous than the reality that the speaker convinces himself almost instantly that he told the truth; not having time or money sounds virtuous in itself, besides, while the fact that I preferred television doesn't sound good at all.

Most of us choose, some of the time, the easier or more popular or profitable, and then label it with the name which is more distinguished, even though or because tougher and less popular. The yearning for the name of the college degree is as strong as the rejection of its content in favor of useful job training, so we get the Bachelor of Science in salesmanship. Salesmen without college degrees complain of being passed over as much as graduates in liberal arts, and the concept of our materialistic culture must be modified accordingly. People perform nice Strauss waltzes in groups they call Symphony Orchestras, and under the name of the Art Museum and its director and his catalogue and its educational purpose we get this. The unbreakable, even increasing insistence on the status names reminds us that these things are, in special ways, values to our society. Unless somebody kept performing Mozart and demonstrating Cézanne, the Strauss and layout people would have nothing to pretend to be; more, Harvard is necessary so that Smith Business University can share in its respect and thus survive. Which means this respect exists, which probably means, considering the obstacles to it, that it has some firm basis, which means that the Art Museum's lack of time for it is all the more painful. Art Museums that try to be serious can even turn

out to be greater successes than the "popular" ones, as the Museum of Modern Art's scholarly catalogues have shown in educating a generation.

THERE are plenty of people, to be sure, whose time and money really are commandeered, but the higher museum official is not one of them. His nine-to-five day is as free of orders from other people and as open to personal decisions—even whims—about what his museum is going to do, as is anybody's in our social structure, freer than the lawyer's and the corporate executive's. He can make actual decisions about his activities; he is then responsible for them.

To be sure again, in this catalogue maybe the old texts were good enough, though the museum couldn't know that without taking the same amount of time to follow them up. Even that excuse doesn't apply in some other cases. Another catalogue lately had handsome layout and reproductions, and involved loans from many sources (a job the first had avoided). But the actual catalogue consisted of titles under the reproductions, and even omitted any references to books where the reader that much interested could learn something, though these exist. A third very recent one documents the common complaint of museums that some of their colleagues preparing a loan show don't even bother to choose the objects. They write letters saying, I am planning an exhibit of X, what do you have? The lender has to pick the object and, just incidentally, catalogue it. This third catalogue naively shows the results, by giving different sorts of information about each painting just as they came in (except that, it seems, it omits some of it).

It is not so hard to understand why such people shirk learning about the subject, expertise in which is their titular excuse for being. But why does their preference for doing something else take this particular direction? Of course the grand catalogue makes the institution look good—especially in the eyes of other museums, the audience that quite a few officials effectively think about more than public or trustees. But I think there is another reason why this is more interesting to such officials than knowing or telling about works of art. It is one of a whole group of their favorite activities, which have in common that they turn on points where a particular standard of taste operates without any element of information. There's another common factor too, and for short I call the whole thing the cosmetic approach.

A simple illustration is jurying. Most exhibitions are juried by museum officials, and they probably do it better than painters or anybody else, because their taste is less personal. To jury is a wonderful feeling, I may say. It's as close to pure power as most people ever come: no appeal, no justification required, and real destinies hanging on the result. Information is unsuitable, and is excluded. The verdict always has objectors, but the juror feels secure in knowing his taste is shared by his colleagues, who have the largest experience as well as the most titles.

Much more frequently an official is busy with installation. This is a glorified version of the scene in which Blondie makes Dagwood keep moving the sofa around. Information is irrelevant; nobody can prove something else would be better. Of course, no one can prove the choice made was a good one, either. After weeks of discussion of a new color for a wall in one museum, a distinguished visiting director said it would be best to leave the concrete block showing.

In some museums acquisitions are the happiest activity, like choosing one's own presents. In a sad number of American museums, the officials never have a good hard look at the works already there. Acquisitions are a critical case, for information can be a factor in decision. If used, though, it tends to come packaged from the informed art historian outside, and the report to the trustees is secondhand. I have known of purchases made

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19

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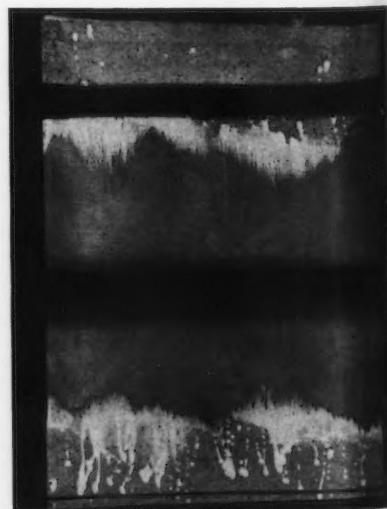
NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

LOS ANGELES: BAXTER AND SIMPSON

THE new sculptures of John Baxter, recently on view at the Esther Robles Gallery, are visually engaging and poetically suggestive. These sculptures are composed assemblages rather than castings or tectonic constructions. The artist first collects various found objects which are assertive in form and rich in texture: stones, shells, pieces of wood, metal, bone, and so forth. These objects are then combined in still-life arrangements which dramatize the organic physical attributes of the several ingredients. But Baxter is as sensitive to the metaphorical potentialities of his materials as to their immediate visual properties. For him the concrete visual fact is never entirely a self-sufficient, irreducible essence, but inevitably comes trailing its more or less evocative spectrum of symbolic references. The finished art object mingles our sensory and our "literary" responses in a coherent aesthetic experience that depends for its effect as much upon the poignancy of poetic distance as upon the vividness of formal immediacy.

Laying almost equal stress upon the given character of his materials and their assigned function in the work of art, Baxter's method of creation suggests Paul Klee's similar infusion of fantasy into the palpable grain of his artifacts. Transformed by playful analogical intuition, a moss-colored stone with the contours of a miniature volcanic isle becomes a *Green Mountain*. (Mounted on a wooden block, it assumes the precious covetability of a fine piece of jade.) A weathered half-door with two conical shells affixed to one panel becomes a *Chameleon's House*. A clutter of spindle forms and porcupine quills mounted vertically on a slab of round-edged plank becomes *Duxbury Reef*. Upended, pestle-shaped stones rooted in the craters of a pitted rock create a miniature desert landscape (*Birth of Venus*). A porous, vermiculate rock the size of a melon becomes the *Brain of Lao-Tze*.

Baxter's stated aim as an artist is to evoke "the presence of chaos"—by which he means the mark of time and the elements, of evolution and erosion, upon objects that have patiently endured the pressures and frictions of the ages. "So far as the



David Simpson, *I B*;
at Esther Robles Gallery.

aspect of my work involved with chaos is concerned, I will consider myself to be successful if the viewer, in the presence of the objects which I put before his eyes, feels something of the cold and restless abrading movement of the surf, the patient, blind growth of lichens, the dark passage of the eons during which the minerals constituting a single agate pebble were deposited by ground water in a crevice of the earth." The viewer does most certainly feel these things, though it must be admitted he might feel them in a quite similar way if he went beachcombing for his own rusted and age-grained tokens. But I do not wish to minimize the cleverness and the skill with which Baxter combines and presents his finds in imaginative contexts of his own making.

The paintings of David Simpson, shown with the Baxter sculpture, harmonized perfectly. Their imagery is stratospheric: layer upon layer of floating void of varying thickness and density, interestingly differentiated by means of color and a variety of sharp, rough, fuzzed, blurred and stained edges. Simpson's exclusive preoccupation with space, perhaps we should say "the void," effectively complements Baxter's concern with an image of time and the elements.

Charles S. Kessler

CHICAGO: YOUNG FRENCH PAINTERS

THE "Young French Painters" exhibition, currently at the Arts Club, arrives with unimpeachable credentials. The twelve painters, each represented by three works, were selected by M. Bernard Dorival, Conservateur du Musée National d'Art Moderne. All of them, though they are under forty, have shown extensively, but none have yet been seen in the United States. With one exception, all are abstract painters, and even this one, Marc Louttre, treats a highly fragmented image with a fluid Cubism.

The abstract paintings shown here represent a wispy, cerebral abstract. Some of them, the oval paintings of Gillet, for example, suggest enlarged details lifted from sections of other paintings, while in the works of Busse and Cortot, the attenuated forms and washed-out colors puzzled the viewer as to their significance.

This work is not the culmination, nor even the continuation, of the artistic ferment of the century's first three decades. In a curious way it precedes that golden age and represents instead a scrutiny, by classical French rationalism, of the diverse idioms floating in the international air. It is a process of selection and rejection with the result being merely effete. Express, abstractly, but reject the gauche vitality of the Abstract Expressionists. Construct, logically, but eliminate the intense formal involvement of the Constructivists. The outcome: insincerity.

Fichet breaks his large, mono-colored areas with rapid constructions and loses his structure in the process. Guitet, who comes closest to unabashed strength, to Burri in fact, manages to emasculate the emotion by refusing to permeate the entire canvas with it.

There are paintings in this show that are bad paintings, not because they are technically poor, but because one never gets behind the painter-gentleman, the painter-logician, the painter-commentator, to the painter as man. The sweep and fervor of three decades is gone. The adventurers have been replaced by the custodians.

Will Kijno, whose forms almost break into pulsing life, will Debré, potentially a great colorist, will Guitet and the fanciful Doucet break through? One hopes so: they possess skill and talent. Perhaps we shall witness an older man's revolution. Perhaps, so soon after a period dominated by so many giants, that is the only possibility.

Bernard Sahlins

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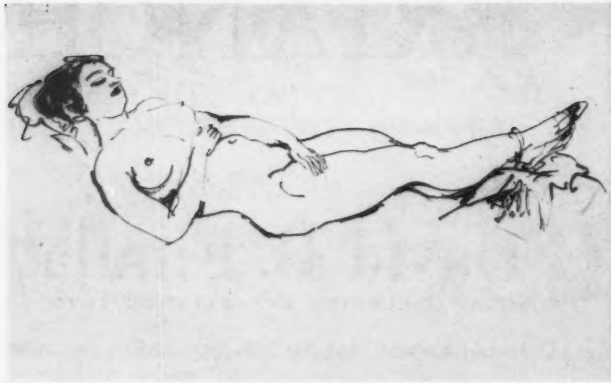
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Nude Reclining (1928).

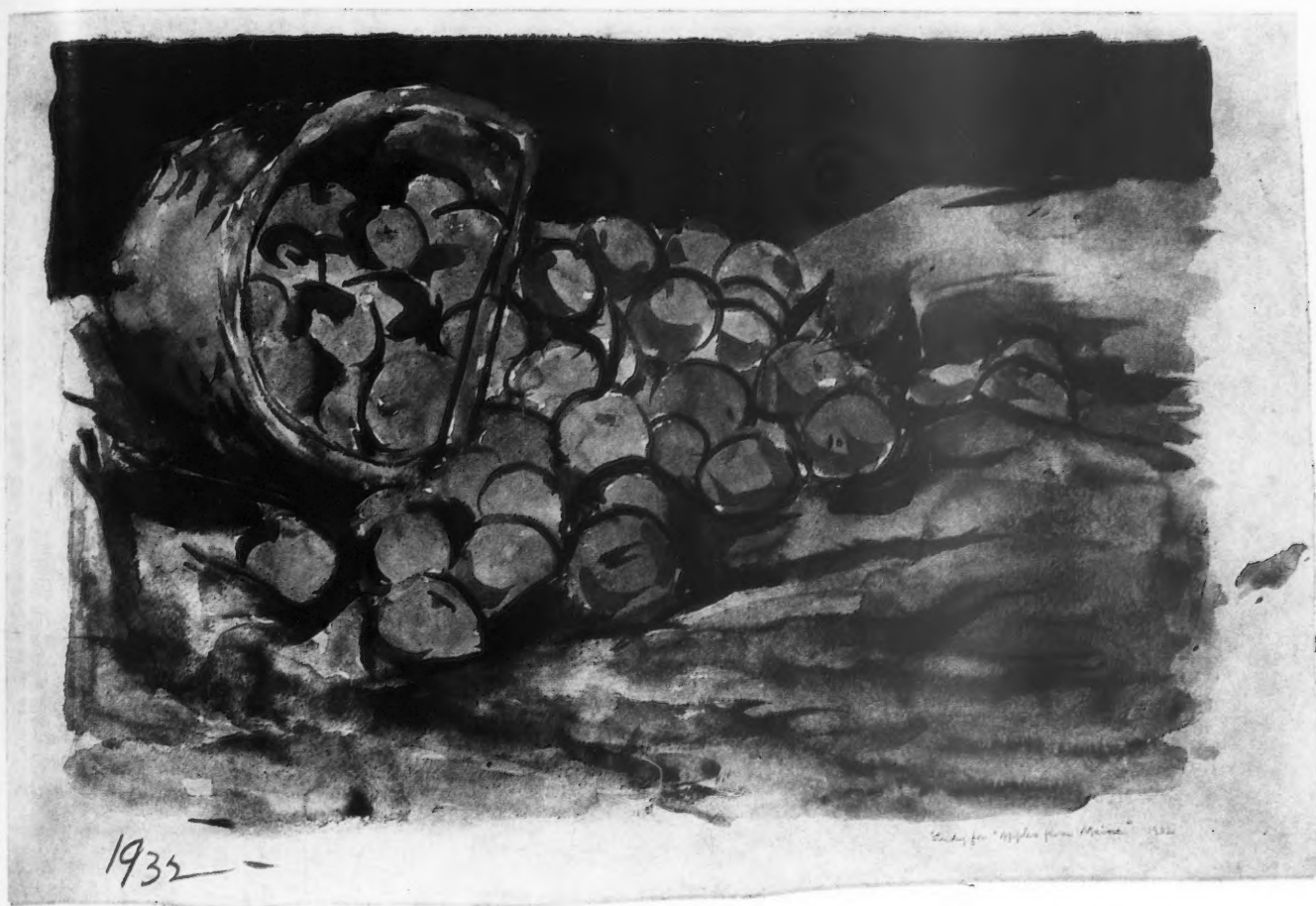


Amalda (c. 1924).



Trout Stream (1931).

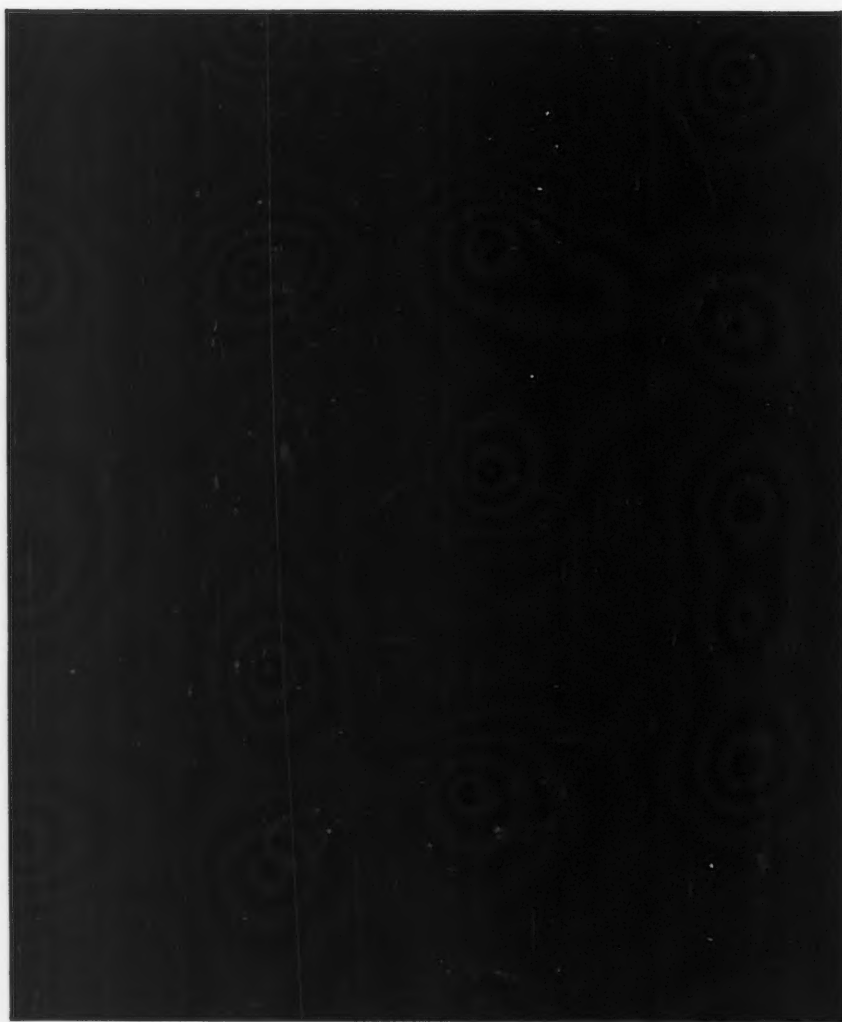
Photographs and color plate courtesy Maynard Walker Gallery.



Study for *Apples from Maine* (1932).

Kuhn Memorial Exhibition in Cincinnati

From October 6 through November 13 the Cincinnati Art Museum will present a full-scale retrospective exhibition of work by the late Walt Kuhn. Assembled from museums and private collections across the country, the show comprises more than a hundred oils, twelve studies for major paintings and thirty-five sketches in ink and water color. The works range through the artist's full career, exemplifying not only his dramatic, almost archetypal figures, but also his lesser-known landscapes and still lifes.



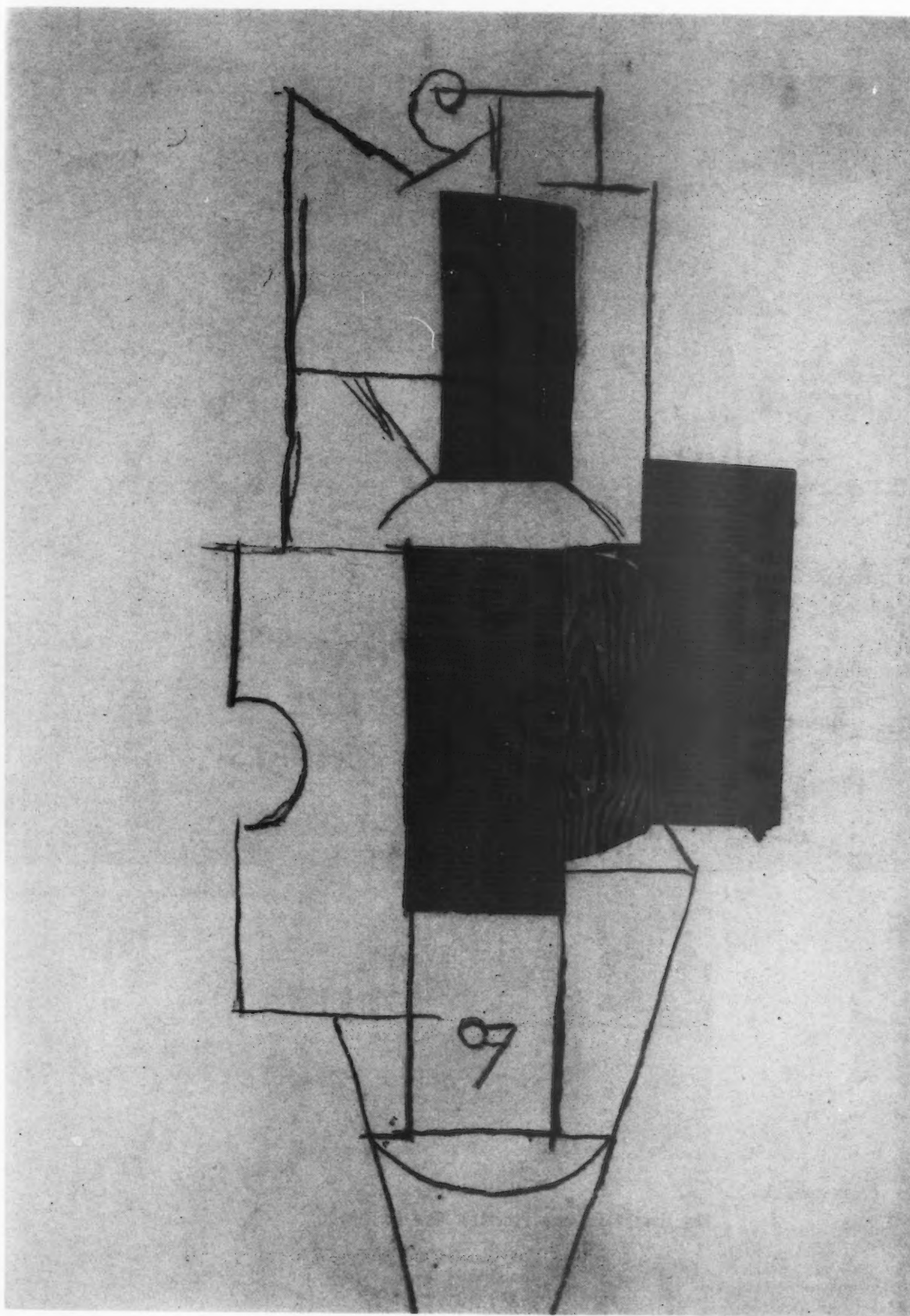
Dubuffet, *Black Beauty* (1945);
at World House Galleries.

Dubuffet at the World House Galleries

Opening later this month at the World House Galleries in New York (October 25–November 26), a large-scale Dubuffet exhibition will present some forty examples of the Frenchman's *art brut*. The works span the years from 1943 to 1959 and include, besides the numerous oils, a grouping of "texturologies," "assemblages" and sculpture in driftwood and aluminum.

Modern Masters at the New Gallery

During the month of October the New Gallery in New York is exhibiting "Modern Master Drawings," thirty-five works by artists of the past hundred years. The selection extends from Degas, Ensor and Redon to De Kooning, Guston and Kline, and in its historical representation includes the Italian Futurists as well as the Intimists, Fauvists, Cubists and Expressionists.



Picasso, *Violon* (1912);
at the New Gallery.



The Munson-Williams-Proctor's New Museum

Above are three views of the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute's new art museum in Utica, designed by Philip Johnson. A central two-story court opens into a series of six galleries; the balcony opens into eight additional galleries. On October 11 the museum will present its inaugural exhibition, "Art across America."



Relief from palace of Sennacherib at Nineveh (c. 700 B.C.).

Assyrian Reliefs Acquired by Boston Museum

Now on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are two newly acquired reliefs which originally formed part of the Nineveh palace of Sennacherib, king of Assyria from 705 B.C. to 681 B.C. The reliefs were brought to England in the middle of the last century through the efforts of the pioneer Assyriologist Austen Henry Layard.

Report on the Venice Biennale

Action painting

forms the real if unacknowledged core of the national artistic rivalries in the 1960 event.

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

CONSIDERING the likelihood of a misunderstanding, it is probably unfortunate that an American critic should have to describe the Thirtieth Venice Biennale—which closes on October 16—as a vindication of the New American Painting. Where the artists of the Biennale are not clearly indebted to the spirit of American “Action” painting, the comparative lameness of the exhibition as a whole points up an incontestable conclusion: that American “Action” painting best demonstrates the iconoclastic character of postwar abstract art. It does not matter if Hans Hartung and Jean Fautrier, who were awarded the top international prizes by a jury of seven experts (who, incidentally, gave no prize for sculpture this year), were dealing with elemental abstract styles before the thirties. What matters is that the Americans have found less of an impediment between the impulse to make a sign and its plastic consequence than their European counterparts. This is especially evident at the Biennale in the work of Franz Kline, whom some Italians call a modern Caravaggio and who, observed away from the pressures of New York, appears a tower of stylistic authenticity. It has elsewhere been said, I believe, that American artists, relatively free of a consistent tradition, could borrow with impunity and, to tell the truth, with some irreverence, from whatever sources they chose. In this connection their particular debt to European modernism, especially Surrealism, has been cited with some accuracy. Nevertheless, the sense of necessity that emerges more clearly from American Abstract Expressionism than anywhere else in painting today represents the most characteristic response to the demands for artistic reform that became so pronounced after the Second World War, a reform in which even the basic models were swept aside. This transformation the Europeans have as a whole not been able to accomplish.

But if the Americans have made a virtue of necessity, whose long-run disadvantages are apparent not only in the numerous mediocrities who have abused its precedent but are also to be seen in the recent work of many of its chief exponents, the official reception in Europe has been reserved and even hostile for quite different reasons. No artist of the New York School—none, that is, of the first generation of Abstract Expressionism—has been recognized for the major international prizes in those postwar Biennales, say, since 1952, when the tide at the Biennale took a definite turn toward abstraction. (Calder received the international prize for sculpture in 1952, and Mark Tobey was awarded the painting prize in 1958, but neither has any bearing on the pertinent issues as they have come to light in the Thirtieth Biennale.) Both the token of official tribute to Hans Hofmann and the award to Kline of one million lire (\$1,600) must be regarded as consolation prizes; they merely exemplify rather than redeem the official resistance to the unexpected challenge by the Americans to European, and particularly French, supremacy in art. Anxious to ward off the triumph that was building up for the United States despite the fact that its

exhibition this year suffered from compression and disturbing contrasts in quality, the official attitude in Venice was chiefly concerned to find European prize winners whose style and development could be made to outflank the American achievement. Fautrier and Hartung were chosen for this dubious role, and their awards fall pretty much into the pattern established by most of the Biennale prizes since 1895. Recent Biennales may have been more up-to-date, if no more perceptive, in their awards, but that may only be an indication that modern academies take form at a faster pace. The prize to Fautrier and Hartung makes them seem more advanced than they really are, yet it secures them a place above the pushing and shoving in the corridors.

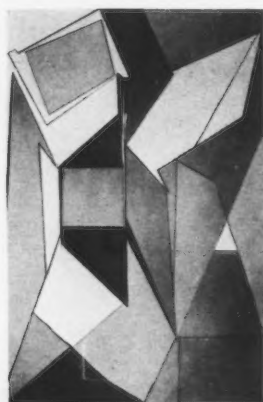
AN INFORMED observer could easily have anticipated the general drift and quality of the Biennale. In a way the whole vast exhibition is merely a capitulation of a single exhibition season in New York, where not a few of the Europeans have long been represented. The Biennale is thus glutted with abstract paintings whose preoccupation with style and the right “look” is all the more evident in their very “diversity.” The unconscious and the abstract have become standard appearances and are now painted as such. There is a great deal of didactic work, work whose only object lesson is its own freedom. “Accidents” make up a whole system in some work, and where the effects are not simply antediluvian they are enigmatic without being especially interesting. On the other hand, prescription by tradition is evident in the French pavilion, where the artists prowl solemnly in the shadows of Cubism, and in others which subscribe to similarly determined habits. There are also some slavish efforts by many of the Realists to “modernize” their approach, and this means, I am afraid, only a stylization of one sort or another and invariably a misrepresentation of color. Elsewhere, a few Purists—and there aren’t many—having very little to say in the management, find consolation in the appearance of their own imperturbability. On the basis of consistent and total achievement, Italy’s Magnelli and Denmark’s Mortensen were eligible for some recognition from the top, but the abstract faith, despite its piety about individual freedom, is curiously intolerant. The Puritans, you will remember, were not kindly disposed toward the Quakers.

The Biennale is also an exhibition of sculpture, and here I think the Europeans have retained a greater measure of cultural identity. This is by way of saying that the interesting sculptors work *with* rather than *upon* their materials. The best modern sculpture is drawn to materials that in themselves accomplish the aesthetic repudiation of taste, which, for the painter, subject as he is to the sensuous enticement of his medium and the almost irresistible appeal of his own motor instinct, is a more self-conscious and resistant problem. Yet the sculptors were overlooked this year by the judges, who, though they found evidence



Franz Kline, *Initial* (1959);
collection Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull, New York.

Report on the Venice Biennale



Richard Mortensen (Denmark);
Zicavo (1960).



Alberto Magnelli (Italy);
Concezione Chiara (1958).



Renato Guttuso (Italy);
Interno e Accessori di Studio (1960).



Umberto Boccioni (Italy);
Volumi Orizzontali (1912).

of a great talent in Rudolf Hoffehner of Austria, Robert Müller of Switzerland, Eduardo Paolozzi of England and Angel Ferrant of Spain, rejected them nonetheless because—so the statement goes—their exhibitions did not present a fully developed stylistic cycle. This means only that the sculptors were either too young or, in the case of the seventy-year-old Ferrant, all the work was recent. The sculptors who strove for the right look produced huge pieces of shrapnel, lava worlds, ravaged totems and, in the case of one Japanese sculptor whose name I did not bother to write down, indigestible conglomerations of iron, wire, paint, etc. In sculpture too the stylistic hysteria underlines the current inability to distinguish between necessity and talent.

Then, too, certain circumstantial inevitabilities lower the qualitative level of the Biennale. Cultural protocol as it is defined by the Biennale retains the provincialist note of local pride even while addressing itself to the world at large. These days art is frequently an issue of state, an expression of sovereignty and cultural maturity; and in some instances nations exhibit merely to make their aspirations felt. Liberia, exhibiting for the first time in a Biennale, certainly indicates more than the fact that Sunday painters are the same the world over, while Iceland, also exhibiting for the first time, produces a sculptor whose geometry is merely nondenominational. And it is conceivable, if not actually likely, that comparable extracurricular implications influenced the character of the American pavilion, despite a pronounced Federal aversion to the style. Finally, one cannot disregard the relatively common exactness of ambition demonstrated by most of the 3,500 works of 450 artists representing 33 nations—the third largest Biennale in a history which has seen the Biennale almost double in size since the end of the war. The habits of summitry have entered the arts as a practical extension of the drive for recognition.

THIS year the competitive nature of the Biennale was thrown into dramatic relief by the reported altercation between Fautrier and Kline in a Venetian café before the official opening in June. At that meeting Fautrier is said to have denounced Kline and American painting in general and suggested that the Americans should vacate the Biennale: whereupon Kline either pushed or shoved—the reports vary—the French painter back into his seat. The incident might be overlooked if one were not reminded of France's official effort to regain leadership in the arts and if it did not dramatize the importance of American painting at the Biennale. In honoring Hartung and Fautrier, the judges were sufficiently aware of the American contribution to cite work that exhibited a comparable radical temperament. There is even some evidence of a conflict among the jurors themselves. Hartung was acclaimed by unanimous vote, but Fautrier, according to the official statement of the jurors, received only a "majority." Meanwhile Kline's prize is shrouded in mystery. It seems to have been created especially for him and very hurriedly. It does not appear in the list of official prizes announced to the press in March nor in any of the Biennale regulations which deal with the prizes.

In more conventional fashion, Italy made its contribution to the competitive tone of the Biennale by installing a rather spoty retrospective of the Futurist movement, which represents its claims upon the history of the origins of modern abstract art. The Italians do not feel that Futurism is second to Cubism, but a genuine and original contribution in its own right. In the light of subsequent developments since the turn of the century, and notwithstanding some renewed critical interest in Futurism, Italy's claim here must be considered a pardonable exaggeration of the facts. Since many of the Futurist masterpieces were being shown not in Venice but in Rome's National Gallery of Modern

Art, in an exhibition of twentieth-century Italian art in American collections,* the impoverished Biennale show had to make do with some of the lesser and considerably inferior works of the movement. It thus defeated its own intentions by showing how tenuous was the central idea and how attenuated the movement quickly became. Futurism went into a second generation after it had passed its prime by 1915; after that date most of its major figures reverted to more traditional styles. Umberto Boccioni, its most important artist, died in 1916. His personal retrospective is all that keeps the exhibition pointed in the direction of its own pretensions.

Being something of an international trade fair of art, the Biennale is almost necessarily dominated by the major competitors. The United States, France, Italy and to a lesser extent England and Germany—Spain also behaves like a contender—automatically generate the most curiosity, though they do not necessarily provide a corresponding amount of excitement.

The two large Biennale prizes of two million lire each reserved for Italians (the international prizes awarded identical amounts) went to the painter Emilio Vedova and the sculptor Pietro Consagra. Both are very modish. Vedova's once rigidly complex structures are now convulsively disassembled in a churning, dripping attack, partly an emulation of the American precedent, partly the logical result of exchanging one extreme for another. Consagra burns scars into thick wooden planks and attaches bits of metal here and there. He makes bronze versions along similar lines. Afro's muscularized examples of his once-elegant play of abstract light and shadow, Burri's monumental collages of iron, draped cotton and burnt paper, Magnelli's sweeping geometric designs and Dorazio's brush-woven textural surfaces seem like the modern entrenchments designed to secure the reputation demanded for Futurism and, by extension, all modern Italian art. Fautrier was invited to exhibit in the Italian pavilion, and his presence carried with it some controversial prestige. The Italian dossier was further filled out with tasteful memorial exhibitions of Brancusi and Schwitters. With the largest pavilion and the greatest number of artists, Italy could comfortably show a spread from the restless Abstract Expressionism of the late Luigi Spazzapan—on whom Lionello Venturi has prepared a mammoth monograph that prompted this writer to take another look at Spazzapan in an unsuccessful attempt to discover what the venerable professor saw in him—to the Social-Realism-in-search-of-style of Renato Guttuso.

FRANCE displayed, besides Hartung and the momentary diversion of Michaux's bluntly associative ink abstractions, a few abstractionists who lent credence to Italy's claim that Futurism is not dead by combining their Cubism with movement. The only way to describe Robert Couturier's figurative sculpture is—half-unreal.

The English show should probably be included among the more prominent events, even though among this year's exhibitors Paozzini and Pasmore do not particularly reflect the impact of the New York School on British painters, certainly the most important recent development in British art. To some extent chauvinism rages in England, where a number of painters, having acknowledged their debt to Abstract Expressionism, feel they are reaping an aesthetic benefit the Americans themselves have overlooked. They have subjected the style to restraint, and very much resent that section of critical opinion at home which prefers the undiluted American product. Pasmore, who has evolved from Post-Impressionism to Neo-Plastic constructions, avoids, or is inherently incapable of, the Purist austerity of his progenitors. His works are immaculately tasteful; they are

*See the report from Rome in ARTS for September.



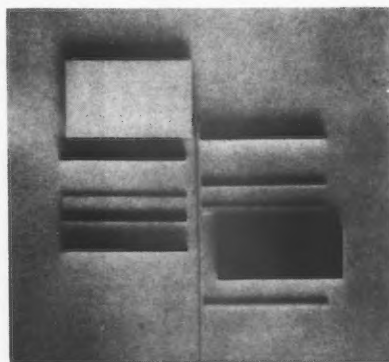
Emilio Vedova (Italy);
Sopraffazione N. 1 V (1960).



Pietro Consagra (Italy);
Colloquio senza Moglie.



Henri Michaux (France);
Ink Drawing No. 4 (1958).



Victor Pasmore (England);
Relief in White, Black, Red and Russet (1954).

Report on the Venice Biennale

beautifully poised rather than plastically succinct. They suggest to me some of the graceful delicacy I usually associate with the early British water-colorists. Of the several British painters whose works I saw in London earlier in the summer, Alan Davie, absorbing Pollock passionately but discriminately, impressed me most. I do not know if he has appeared in previous Biennales, but he has achieved a continuity of motivated symbolism that is lacking in the works of the other British painters in the Biennale. Their intentions, it must be admitted, are different, concerned with the spirit of consolidation that Pasmore himself supported in an article in the monograph *The World of Abstract Art*.

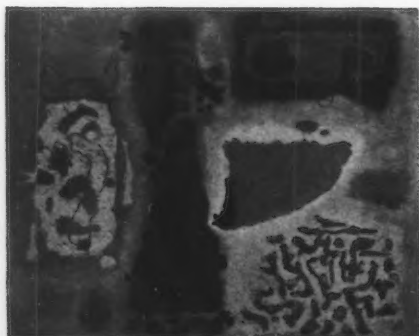
No direct line can be drawn in the German pavilion between seventy-five-year-old Karl Schmidt-Rottluff and the late Willi Baumeister, but the latter's revisions of Miró reveal the sort of systematic, and in Baumeister's case, antithetical precision which the aging German Expressionist and his colleagues of Die Brücke reacted against more than fifty years ago. Schmidt-Rottluff over the years has lost much of his tensile strength but none of his acidulous fervor.

OUTSIDE of Kline, the American pavilion is rather pat, and seems almost to leer with self-satisfaction. The American commissioner, Mrs. Adelyn D. Breeskin, director of the Baltimore Museum, who made the choice of the artists in close association with Dr. Gertrude Rosenthal, her senior curator, erred, I think, on the side of discretion, even though her basic assumption that "the so-called New York School of artists sounds the dominant note in America's contemporary art" was correct. There is something of the balanced ballot in a selection which includes Kline, Hans Hofmann, Philip Guston and Theodore Roszak. It does not convey the spirit of the New York School in the way that

a really comprehensive exhibition of Kline alone would have done. But such singularization might have constituted not only a breach of the American spirit of fair play but an official breach of the mores of the New York School, which, despite the individual prominence of its major figures, tends to be regarded as a collective group forming the spearhead which finally broke down the provincialism of American art. The cost of this myth was fully evident this year in Venice.

Compared to European art, American art does not seem particularly knowledgeable; spontaneity shows no deference to tradition or cognition. Kline's paintings are a succession of instants—flushes of black which are flung toward the light of a sense of immense space. There is in them no distance between insight and conclusion because Abstract Expressionism seems intent on closing all gaps between thought and action, gaps which are produced by a sense of history. When he uses it, color makes Kline a more conventional painter because it represents an interruption: the substitution of "art" for necessity—which is not to say that his work has not developed. Like his colleagues in the American pavilion, Kline is represented in a brief survey, in his case a survey which dates from 1950 and in which we see his *line* working its way up from a linear and ideographic quality and gaining weight and density in the form of an extended shape that reveals his striving for the more symphonic balance of black and white that is the ultimate check of a flow of graphic sensation.

Hofmann seals too much of his space in details. His variety is familiar—from the *Fantasia* of 1948, a very early example of the drip style, through coalitions of strong color planes and fibrous masses, and finally to blocks of color piled like so many bricks but with none of the structural incisiveness that he seems to have wanted. Hofmann cannot repress a native *Gemütlichkeit* whose disarming robustness is at odds with a delimiting didactic-



Willi Baumeister (Germany);
Scherzo (1954).

Karl Schmidt-Rottluff (Germany);
Basket and Carafe (1958).



Theodore Roszak (United States);
Skylark (1950-51).

cism to which he himself has reacted all these years by pursuing whatever occurred to him. In this respect, if in no other, I believe Picasso rather than Matisse to be his inspiration.

Guston's exhibition carries him to the point of development unveiled in his New York exhibition last season. His style has given way to insolvent, trailing shapes that are enfeebled by their strangeness in a space that demands they be more than they are or dissolve once more. His work is eloquent of the impasse which is gradually depriving American art of its rhetorical, spellbinding splendor.

Roszak's work since 1946, whether roughly figurative or suggestive of nature forms, is largely a variation of his well-known *Specter of Kitty Hawk* (1946-47), where a conglomeration of thorny forms is given the animation of something winglike. The openness of the later pieces produces no economy, the masses refer to no significant particularity, and one finds in the textural prickliness and residual laceration of skeletonized motifs all the urgency for which he has found no solution. I think that if Abstract Expressionism were to end overnight, it would be because its compelling urgency is not sympathetic to an artist's desire to experience a sense of participation other than the apocalyptic. Roszak's indecisiveness is partly a matter of being too human, of wishing too much to make contact with others. He thus feels the absence—more strongly than his colleagues—of an enduring cultural, humanistic tradition that might engage the observer subliminally. Where Roszak seeks too consciously, artists like Hartung and Fautrier are secure and ultimately superior because they do not abuse this particular advantage, especially as it can so easily dominate them. Their errors lie in another direction. Fautrier has for the last few years merely imitated himself, with the result that the sense of refinement that inspired a positive frustration in earlier years takes an almost conclusive revenge; Hartung, having sufficiently sepa-

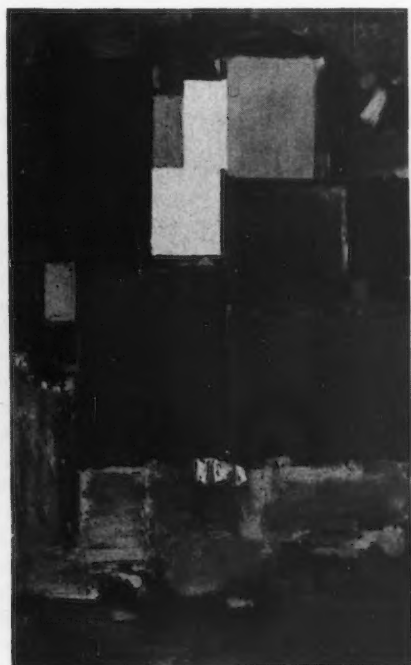
rated his means from the past, is plagued by an uncertain sense of scale.

In their fully documented Biennale retrospectives both Fautrier and Hartung are shown as artists committed to a phase of abstraction whose maturity barely had time to reap its rewards before the challenge of Abstract Expressionism re-emphasized their line of descent from European orthodoxy. Both their retrospectives begin with work of the twenties, and, prompted by the full picture of a retrospective, one is inevitably inclined to look on the early work as prophetic of the later. Indeed, Fautrier's passage from small, thickly painted landscapes, in which details are not only fully generalized but subordinated to color and mass searching for self-evident expression, to the squarish or roundish pastes roughly in the center of similarly small canvases seems utterly justified. So too Hartung's development, which is chronicled from 1922 (drawings) and which proceeds to a rapid dissociation of his graphic means from any descriptive function.

Essentially, Fautrier's dense pastes are signs which in their compression of particularity can be compared with the circles and boxes that children draw in their paraphrase of visual forms. A number of early drawings, no more than a few lines on crumbling sheets of paper, reduce a figure to a somewhat amoeboid shape, the virtually untransformed ancestor of his subsequent imagery which, variably textured and tinted or striped with transparent color, constitutes his entire formal vocabulary. There are no works in Fautrier's exhibition to show what happened between 1947 and 1954, but at the point that the record is resumed, there is an apparent loss of formal motivation. After the *Otages*, around 1945, where a watery line draws weak faces on the mass, Fautrier's basic sense of shape begins to follow an *a priori* conception and loses the overtones of its war with reality and consequently all of its impetus, which



Philip Guston (United States);
Untitled (1958).

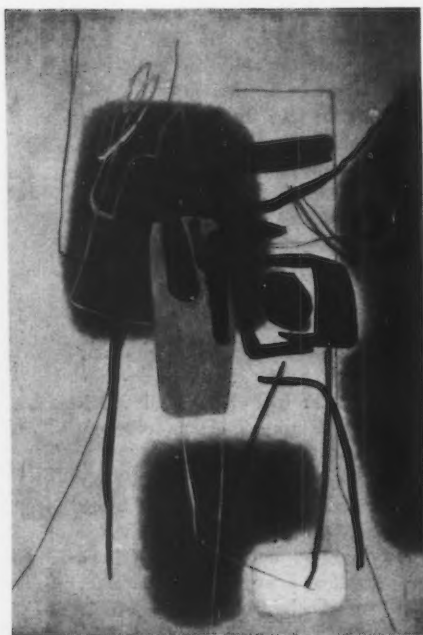


Hans Hofmann (United States);
Pompeii (1959).



Jean Fautrier (France);
L'Otage (1945).

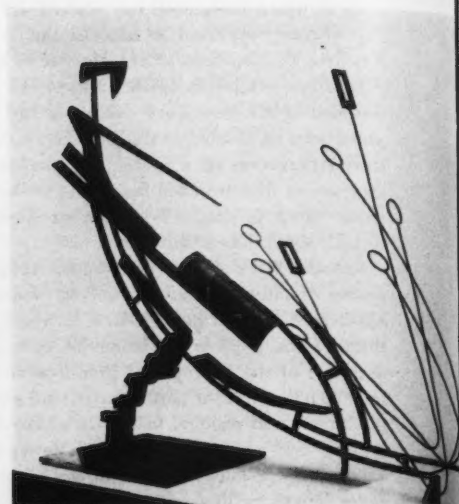
Report on the Venice Biennale



Hans Hartung (France);
T 1936-2 (1936).



Rudolf Hoflehner (Austria);
Condition Humaine (1960).



Angel Ferrant (Spain);
959 D (1960).

is replaced by coloristic niceties.

Hartung uses line with an extremity similar to Fautrier's but with none of his resentment. His linear style is not *against* appearances but *for* itself. In a sense Fautrier could never reject the appearance which inspired his resistance, whereas Hartung all along concentrated on his means. Shapes linger in the early paintings, giving them a stiff, undecided quality that doubtless is exaggerated by the attempt to span the period 1934-56 with nineteen paintings; Fautrier was represented by 109, dating from 1928. If it seems that primary-school exercises in penmanship come perilously close to Hartung's mature style, this indicates the nature of the freedom he has attained and even describes the basis of his style, a freehanded approach to line and mass in which an improvisational form of writing assumes different weights, textures and speeds. So reduced are his means that Hartung almost seems vain in large formats, to which he turns partly because lines as edges create a hunger for space and lines as movement force points farther and farther apart. Wide strokes are rammed across the plane, puffs of color are tipped in behind the action, or the counterpoint is a simple one between a monochromatic ground and a few accelerated bars or splintered clusters. Hartung has done a number of smaller pastels—not shown at the Biennale—which emphasize the importance of scale in his *oeuvre*. Self-evident means necessarily involve a certain amount of didacticism as they continually demonstrate the varieties of weight and texture that they are capable of producing. Hartung's limitations make his art seem rational, and I think this was the source of the jury's unanimity in voting him the prize and one of the bases of their reserve toward an artist like Kline.

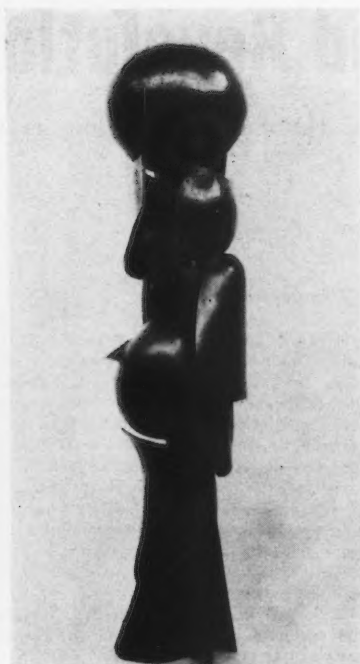
NEVITABLY, Biennales always overlook a few artists. The

judges were at pains to point out that they liked certain sculptors, and indeed they chose the four who commanded the most interest. Of these Rudolf Hoflehner of Austria and Eduardo Paolozzi of England are the most overrated, especially Hoflehner, whose immediate physical impressiveness—he works large and heavy—disguises the fact that he has the same problems as Roszak. He works with great chunks of metal and roughly sensuous uprights that are legs and torsos all in one (or two) and which cheat when it comes to disclosing their real formal attitude. He was nonetheless attractive to the buyers, who virtually bought out his show. Similarly, Paolozzi repeats an experience of macabre gravity in which only the surfaces of his haunting specters, recast in bronze from scrapped machinery and refuse, fulfill the need for variety. Ferrant of Spain did receive a prize, but it gives no indication of the exceptional if somewhat traditional modern sculptor that he is. He is like a Baroque Gonzalez, with momentous arrangements of open iron structures which create diverse friezes of moving space. He is dramatic in a medium that is normally only light and precise.

Müller of Switzerland is so easily enjoyed that one is inclined to be slightly suspicious, particularly since one's suspicion proved right on a second look at Hoflehner. Müller weaves masses out of solid, curving metal plates in his best examples, which have just the right amount of thrusting movement, the right amount of upright restraint, the perfect balance of textural relief and plastic continuity. In short, one could suspect him of formula or of a too-calculated manipulation. But he also shows his failures, and with this evidence one is convinced that he is one of the best artists in the show. He combines an extroverted style with an intelligible direction, and when a work fails, as does the rather totemic piece on loan from New York's Museum of Modern Art, it is because it has many jutting points but does not really move. It stands like a solid, which it isn't. Yet Müller



Eduardo Paolozzi (Great Britain);
EXF8 (1958-59).



Robert Müller (Switzerland);
Stele (1957).

Pierre Alechinsky (Belgium);
Homage to Ensor (1956).



gets more physical mass working with sheet metal and the welding torch than one usually expects from the technique. At the same time he employs movement to avoid a contradictory monolith. There is a kind of Rococo fascination in the many overlapping and intertwined surfaces he employs. Swathed in what seems like windswept folds of metal, his works lean into the space that flows through the cracks and openings and over the rough-smooth plates like a gale. Prickliness is worked to animate the major dimension of movement and texture, as in *Le Bücher*, in which ropes of thick wires are caught up in the crevasses like seaweed among rocks.

THERE were hardly as many painters who offered relief from the tides of anonymity. I could not warm up to Belgium's Landuyt, but Bosch does lurk somewhere in what reminds me of large medical illustrations, and his color does glow very attractively. Nor did Jannis Spiropolous of Greece, whose collapsing structures won the UNESCO prize from a special jury, leave a lasting impression. The impressiveness of Richard Mortensen, who occupied the entire Danish pavilion with paintings of the past twenty-three years, fades before the realization that the geometric structure which he worked up to from an earlier Kandinsky-inspired Expressionism is not a consequence of the color attitude that comes to dominate his work. But there is one exciting painter who remains to be mentioned—Pierre Alechinsky of Belgium.

Alechinsky, who is nearing thirty-three, belongs to what can be called the new wave of post-Abstract-Expressionism. Müller is abstractionist and so is Alechinsky, but both use their heads in a way that seems new. It is not so much a matter of brains, however, as conscience, for though Alechinsky weaves visceral, serpentine patterns in cool color, and though I locate him in

the vicinity of both Pollock and the linear abstractions of De Kooning, he paints movement in its old sense—as Ensor, to whom Alechinsky dedicates a painting, might have done, or even Delacroix. (Müller's movement affects me the same way.) The passion comes from within the painting, which is also fed by a sense of subject. Style is once more a deliberated consequence and not residual. The size of Alechinsky's paintings is below the prevailing average, consistent with the modesty that he apparently can afford emotionally. He thrashes life into vistas of orgiastic devastation. His pictures seem strewn with "anatomy" skeletalized by attenuating arabesques. One painting has a sense of profusion similar to Ensor's *The Entry of Christ into Brussels*. Alechinsky also has some of Ensor's finickiness and is just as harsh in his scrubby, calligraphic attack. And though I cannot account for the ultimate sensation of beauty, I remember that there exist standard explanations of this paradox. Müller has a similar sense of the beautiful amidst the estranged.

I think, finally, that it is precisely this sort of beauty that is missed in American painting and which has militated against it in Europe, where rudeness is a special brand of communication. This beauty is not the sickly kind of the late Fautriers nor the detached kind of Hartung, but the kind that implies that history makes sense after all when the pieces, not entirely recognizable to be sure, can be put back together and produce pleasure. In this sense both Europe and the United States seem to want and are ready for a change. But the Thirtieth Venice Biennale meanwhile enshrines an abstract art that has fallen a victim to its own unconscious "science." Abstract art has freed itself from appearances but not from history, and because it has continued to deny the fact, the ensuing conflict has thrown the movement into the hands of the second- and third-rate who always wait to inherit the exhausted fragments of a style.

Avant-Garde and Revolution

Modernist art in the U.S.S.R.,

after a period first of privilege and then of persecution, is tentatively asserting itself anew.

BY K. A. JELENSKI

IN 1913, Diaghilev described the artistic life of Moscow as follows: "Twenty new schools of art are born within a month. Futurism, Cubism—they are already prehistory. One needs but three days to become *pompier*. Mototism overcomes Automatism, which yields to Trepidism and Vibrism and they in turn to Planism, Serenism, Omnism and Neism. Exhibitions are arranged in palaces and hovels. In garrets lit by three candles, princesses grow ecstatic over paintings by the masters of Neo-airism. Big landowners take private lessons in Metachromism."

Five years later, the Alexander Column in Petrograd stands covered with gigantic posters—many-colored circles and squares. In the distance factories execute the famous "symphony of sirens": every smokestack becomes a flute, an oboe, a clarinet. Mayakovsky can proudly proclaim, "The streets are our brushes, the squares our palette!" It is no longer a matter of princesses and big landowners, of a society that leaped in a generation from feudalism to cosmopolitanism. This is the symbiosis of avant-garde and revolution. The official *History of Russian Art*, published in Moscow in 1955, deals with this period, rather awkwardly, in its twelfth volume, where the years 1917-24 are condensed in some twenty pages. The dark designs of the "left" are seen through from the very first: for could not "nonobjective reaction" conspire against Soviet art if Trotsky, Bukharin and Co. all but did away with the Soviet state?

But the fate of Soviet art in those years deserves closer attention from us. Why did a state that arose from a Utopian ideology part ways with an art that was created in its own image? If, for obvious reasons, the hopes for a rapid transformation of human nature were soon frustrated and art had to be brought down to the actual level of society, why did not the Soviet Union create its own classicism? Why did it not produce its own David, if not its own Praxiteles?

Let's start off with an anecdote. Soon after the triumph of the October Revolution, the People's Commissar for Culture, Lunacharsky, had taken up his quarters in some rooms of the Winter Palace, stripped bare. Mansurov, a young painter barely out of his teens, appeared before him and proposed an alliance between Art and the Revolution. This episode, described with delight in the great *History of the Revolution*, was but a colorful episode in a deeper trend. But the identification of the Russian avant-garde artists with the revolution doubtlessly took place on numerous planes. The Russian painter George Anenkov recently gave me the most skeptical of interpretations: "We were revolutionaries in art. We were rejected by the official critics and by the bourgeois public. When the revolution came, we naturally thought that all doors would at last be opened to us." And he added, shaking his head: "That's how our misunderstanding arose. The word 'revolution' had turned our heads. We were revolutionaries in art—but only in art."

Yet it seems to me that there was a deeper link between the October Revolution and avant-garde art. Communism has a teleological vision of the world. Its aim is the end of history, the Golden Age that will transform the relations between men.

What words and what colors are needed
To describe the world of the future,
Where every whore is a virgin
And hangmen are tender like mothers,

the Soviet poet exclaims. Nor is it without significance that the two great tendencies of the Russian avant-garde that were linked with the revolution—Suprematism and Constructivism—both arose from geometrical abstraction. All of man's Utopian visions of a final Golden Age, of a Kingdom of God on Earth such as Communism was to bring about, have in common a suspicious distrust not only of "figurative" art—a distrust such as Plato might have advised—but also of everything that links art with organic life. Dante's Paradise is a mechanism of spheres, shot through by rays of pure color. And Plato would have permitted in his Republic a flowering of those "figures" whose beauty he sings in his Dialogues: "the straight line, the circle, the figures formed from lines and circles with the aid of rulers, compasses and triangles." Idealists, unconscious Platonists, men with vertically religious or puritan minds, are all attracted by geometrical abstraction. How often does one come across the adjective "mystical" in writings about Mondrian or Malevich! We also know that such natures are often inclined toward Communism—

they shift their religious instinct to a political level. The Soviet novelist Leonid Leonov put it this way: "The world which we imagine is more material and corresponds more to human needs than the Christian paradise." But one feels that the word "paradise" counts for more in this sentence than the word "material." Squares, triangles, rays, obelisks, pyramids—what can be more suitable as decorations for a world redeemed at last, for the Kingdom of God on Earth, from which God is indeed absent but not his laws. This was felt by all writers who projected Communism—or contemporary collectivism—into a future both Utopian and nightmarish. The novels of Huxley, Zamyatin and Orwell develop against a background of cold and geometrical abstraction.

PERHAPS I can make myself clearer by comparing the geometrical avant-garde with the only other great artistic current that identified itself with the revolution, fifteen years later and for different reasons: Surrealism. The Surrealists joined Communism from a protest against the entrenched values that limited man's freedom. They did this in the name of Marx, who had set out to destroy the world of values, but also in the name of Freud, who broke the conventional image man had made of himself. In their mythology, the black shadow of De Sade fell upon the paternal smile of Lenin. Surrealism was the only intellectual movement that took revolution seriously while having no illusions about human nature. For the Surrealists, the slogan of "freedom" really meant freedom and not some new kind of order. And so it was not surprising that the early revolutionary art of the Surrealists, aimed at the very heart of man's inner chains, proved unacceptable to the Communists, just as did the abstractionist expression of the later Surrealists, always lyrical and organic.

It would seem that no style is closer to the idealistic and mechanistic conception of man than geometrical abstraction, in which organic life—the labyrinth in which man tries to find himself—does not exist. Also, no style is closer to Communism, as expressed in Lenin's formula "the Soviets plus electrification." The reasons why the symbiosis failed are complex; the very concept of art is involved. The rivalry between Malevich and Tatlin in the years after the revolution is well known; but the basic contradictions between Malevich's Suprematism and Tatlin's Constructivism have not been seriously explored so far.

Malevich exposed his theories in 1915 in the book *Die Gegenstandslose Welt* (The Nonobjective World). One can see in it what brought him close to the revolution two years later: "The values have become a museological yoke, a necklace on the neck of a corpse," he wrote—which allowed him to say in 1919 that Cubism, Futurism and Suprematism "were revolutionary forms in art which presaged the political and economic revolution of 1917." But in the same book Malevich also wrote—and here we see what will separate him from the revolution—"Suprematism is, both in painting and in architecture, devoid of any social or materialistic intention. Every social idea, however great and significant, is the daughter of hunger and need; every work of art, however mediocre and insignificant, derives from the plastic sense. It is high time to recognize at last that the problems of art and stomach are very far from each other." Suprematism thus testifies to the eternal character of art.

For Constructivism, on the other hand, "Life does not know beauty as the aesthetic measure of things; the ultimate beauty is reality" (Pevsner and Gabo, *The Realist Manifesto*, Moscow, 1920). The problem is not without its importance for Communists. If art belongs to the superstructure, what interests can it express in a world from which all conflicts are removed? And besides, if art is but a crutch needed by alienated man, will man need it beyond his alienation? To describe the splendors of the future Communist world, Lenin jokingly talked of "toilets of pure gold," thus limiting himself to ennobling the utilitarian. George Anenkov told me that Lenin, when posing for him for his portrait, compared art to a temporary excrescence on man that would fall off by itself when Communism was achieved. We must not assume that this dislike or distrust of art was necessarily tied to barbarian intentions. How could one forecast the rhythm of human life in a new

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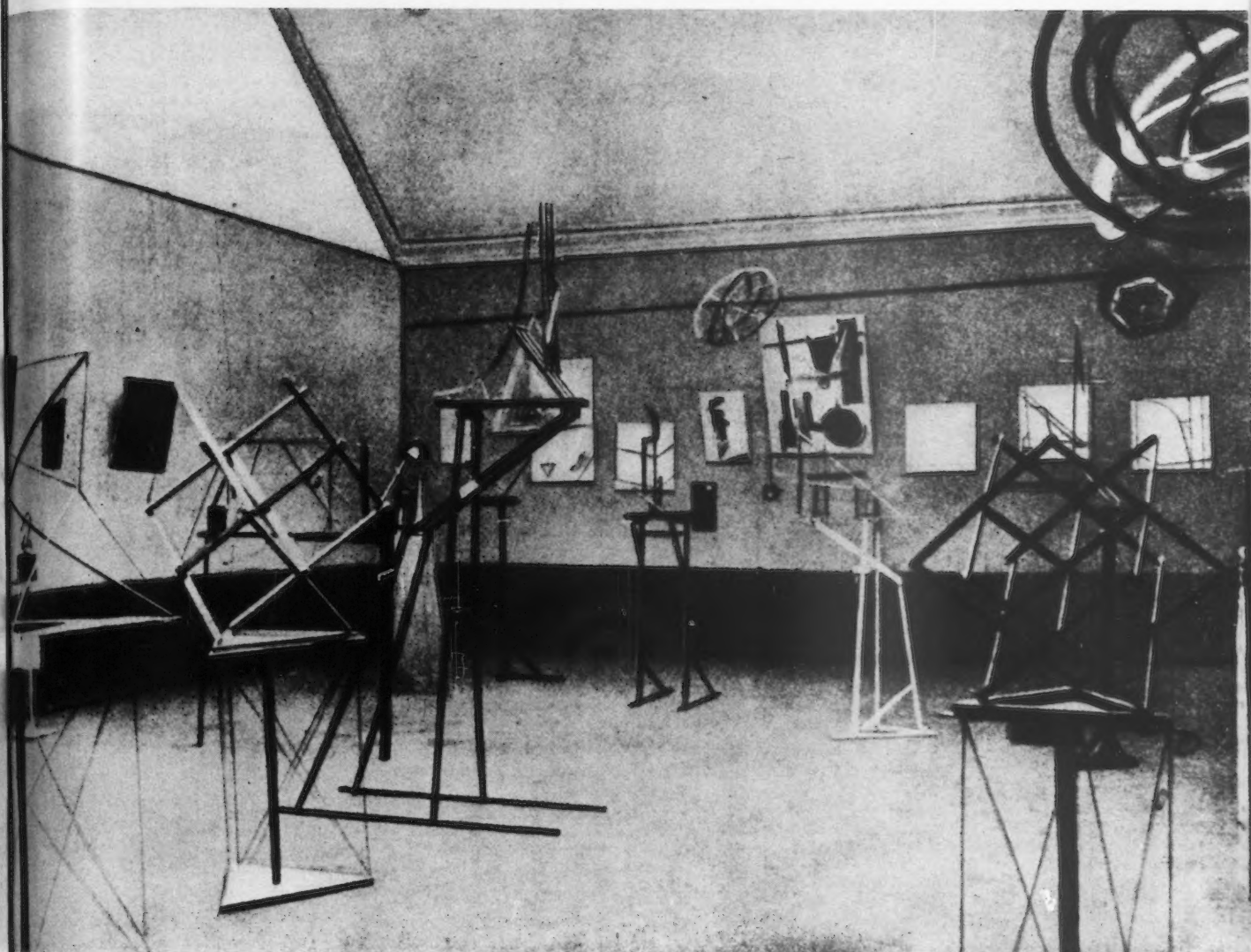
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The Moscow Constructivist exhibition of 1921.

world whose coming was believed in? Could it not be supposed that this very rhythm would assume the characteristics of a work of art?

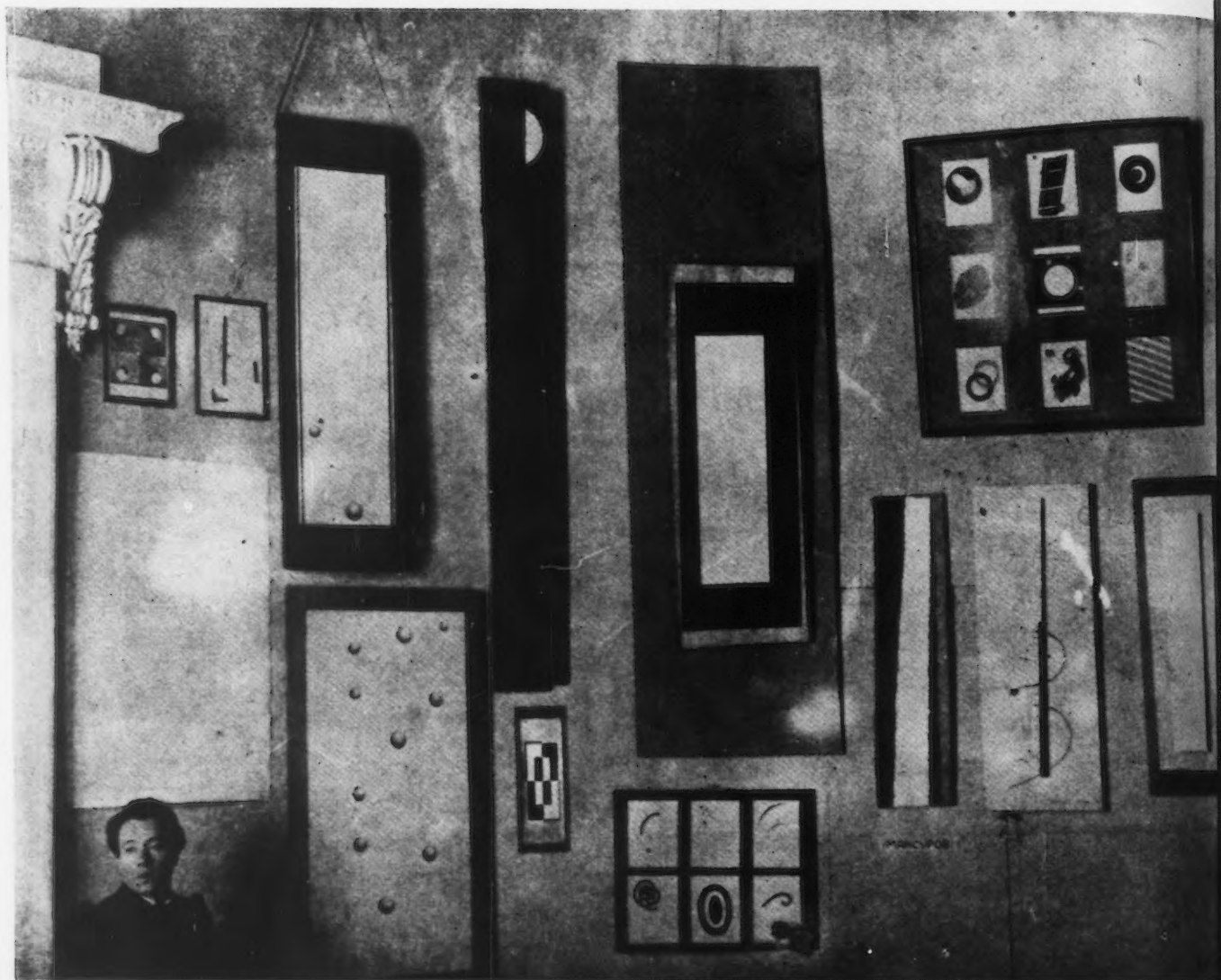
Suprematism and Constructivism derive, of course, from the same sources. Marinetti's cry of "*Eviva Futurista* . . . a speeding car is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace!" was echoed in Moscow with the same strength as in Milan. For Malevich, as for Tatlin, the Communist revolution promises to transform the world into the image of the ideal machine. While asserting that art is a separate and eternal sphere of human expression, Malevich would also entrust it with the work of transforming the world: "According to the old aesthetics," he wrote in 1919, "art had no share in building the modern world . . . But art must grow together with the stalk of organism, must give it shape, take part in its movement . . . We want to conquer the world, take it from the hands of Nature and build a new world that will belong to us!" There are obvious echoes of Marxism in this passage, but here Malevich forecasts for the artist a place similar to that which Plato assigned to philosophers in his Republic. "Everything," he went on, "must assume Suprematist forms: textiles, wallpapers, vessels, furniture, road signs—everything must be executed according to the new forms of harmony." Malevich even tried to put some of his plans into practice; but the cup shown in last year's great retrospective exhibition of his work at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London was—as Camilla Gray puts it in her introduction to the catalogue—a "Suprematist concept of a cup" rather than a functional and practical object. Nor was this surprising. For

the Suprematists, the objects of daily use had to reflect their Platonic daydreams of squares and vectors. The light of grace was in the end to flood the world from the picture, the work of art.

The Constructivists held the opposite view—and my contention seems to be confirmed, in both cases, by etymology. Tatlin's "mobile," which capriciously and mysteriously preceded those of Calder by twenty years, drew this comment from a contemporary critic, Umansky: "Airplanes? Dynamos? Dreadnoughts? . . . These half-mechanical and half-decorative constructions . . . come close to the secret of modern machinery." And the sculptures of Pevsner and Gabo recall turbines, electric coils, batteries. It is clear that, contrary to the Suprematists, the Constructivists "construct" their works, with the machine serving as a starting point. It is therefore hardly surprising that, in 1921, Tatlin, Popova, Rodchenko and Stepanova—the leading Constructivists—confessed that "their artistic activity was purposeless" and left the Moscow Institute of Fine Arts. They devoted themselves henceforth to plastic perfecting of objects—which was, in their view, equivalent to their utilitarian perfecting—through activities still paradoxically called "applied art." It seems important to me that the revolutionary avant-garde was not satisfied with dreaming about a world made over in the image and likeness of their Utopian art. Rather, some of their representatives accepted the most extreme logical consequence of Communism: that there is no room for "pure art" in a world transformed and reconciled with itself.

Alas, it is not on this level that the causes of the Soviet crisis of

Avant-Garde and Revolution



Mansurov at his Leningrad exhibition of 1923.

abstraction and "formalism" must be sought. From 1917 to 1922, the Suprematists, Constructivists and Futurists—the last term, incidentally, was applied by the general public to the entire avant-garde—were the "official" artists of the young Soviet Union. The realistic painters, more or less linked with the official institutions of Tsarist Russia, stood compromised as "reactionaries." The identification of Communism with the avant-garde went so far that an International Bureau of the Arts, a kind of artistic Komintern, was formed soon after the revolution. Malevich, Kandinsky and Tatlin there prepared, together with Lunacharsky, the "First International Congress of the Arts," which was never held. Kandinsky, Brick and Sternberg formed the Council of Fine Arts of the People's Commissariat of Culture. Kandinsky also organized the Soviet Academy of Arts and Sciences, and, together with the Pole Strzeminski, was member of the Bureau of Exhibitions of the Soviet Union. The traditional academies were replaced by the "Vkhutemas," new schools of art techniques which established contacts with factories. Tatlin and Mansurov founded a laboratory of technical production in the Novy Lesner metal works in Petrograd. Anenkov, Tatlin's neighbor in the Vkhutema, worked out the elements of the Constructivist scenography in a factory.

All the other names of the great Soviet avant-garde can be found on lists of professors of the Institute of Fine Arts, of the Vkhutemas, of the Academy: Popova, Rodchenko, Stepanova, Punin, El Lissitzky, Matushin,

Yakulov. Thirty new museums of contemporary art were founded in the Soviet Union from 1918 to 1921. It was the first country in the world in which abstract art was officially consecrated—and on what a scale! David Sternberg, whom the People's Commissar for Culture Lunacharsky named head of the "Collegium" of Artists, declared in 1918 that "only the art of the future, the ideas of collectivism and the revolutionary objectlessness of art," would henceforth have the right to exist in the U.S.S.R. The official art monthly, *Iskustvo Komuny* (The Art of the Commune), was edited by Nikolai Punin, Brick and Altman. Punin wrote in the first issue: "Blow up, destroy, wipe off the surface of the earth all the old artistic forms! How is it possible not to dream about it when one is a young artist, a new artist, a proletarian artist, a new man . . ." And Altman wrote in the second issue: "Only Futurist art is today the art of the proletariat."

Commenting on this period, the new *History of Russian Art* hesitates between post-Stalinist comprehension and the well-known argument that abstract artists "can't paint." It writes on the one hand: "Some of these artists were subjectively persuaded that this art was revolutionary." And on the other: "People devoid of talent often used these phrases to cover up their inability to deal with the problems that the revolution posed for the arts." The basic difficulty was clearly realized by the "left" artists. They admit in the introduction to the catalogue of their tenth collective exhibition in Moscow (1919) that "the Soviet spectator is not yet ripe for

an understanding of nonobjective art." The *History of Russian Art* even attributes to them—in quotation marks and without quoting the source—the intention "to use the power of the government to attain their artistic objectives." Pevsner's comment sounds more convincing. It was given in a recent Paris interview on the *Realist Manifesto* which he had written with his brother Gabo some thirty years earlier: "We were young, revolutionaries and Communists . . . When we wrote this, there was Lenin, there was Trotsky, I was a professor at the Moscow academy . . . there was no Stalin."

The first warnings were not long in coming. Lunacharsky, though he protected the "left" artists, wrote in the *Iskustvo Komuny* in 1920: "Two aspects of this magazine are a menace: the tendency toward a complete denial of the past and the tendency to speak in the name of the government when one speaks only in the name of a certain group." This is not surprising; Lunacharsky was often consulted by Lenin, who was interested in art, but exclusively in connection with its application to political propaganda. Lenin's remarks in connection with art, devotedly collected by Klara Zarkin, express a "common sense" characteristic of the contemporary intelligentsia: "I am quite incapable of regarding the products of Expressionism, Futurism, Cubism and other 'isms' as expressions of a higher artistic genius. I don't understand them at all. And they give me no pleasure." But Lenin's conception of monumental art in the service of ideas was much more interesting than Stalin's. He quoted to Lunacharsky Campanella's Utopia, *The City of the Sun*, and wanted to realize in his own City one of the characteristic ideas of that Italian of the Renaissance: great didactic frescoes. Lenin's "Plan for Monumental Propaganda"—gigantic inscriptions on public walls, monuments to the heroes of the revolution, and so on—might have marked the Soviet Union with a style of its own, and avant-garde artists could have participated in it. But the lack of raw materials intervened. The most interesting of the collective styles of Communism left its mark only on stucco and cardboard. For it was, alas, only when building the Stalinist Moscow Subway that Russia returned to the semiprecious stones of Tsarist days.

THE immediate causes of the end of the flowering of the avant-garde were not the incomprehension of the public or the suspicion of the bureaucrats, but—as Camilla Gray points out in her excellent historical survey, "Futurism-Suprematism-Constructivism"—the coming of the New Economic Policy (NEP) and the growing importance of the Red Army. The partial return to the free market, one of the main features of the NEP, replaced the patronage of the government with that of the new bourgeoisie, which was far less developed intellectually than the pre-revolutionary bourgeoisie. The Peredvizhniki (Wanderers), a group of "Populist" artists created around 1870 "to carry art to the people" through anecdotic and elevating pictures, acquired a new confidence. Their paintings were more accessible to the new petty-bourgeois public than those of the other pre-revolutionary figurative groups like the aestheticizing Mir Iskustva (World of Art) or the Cézannist Valet Karovy (Jack of Diamonds). Besides, they were, apart from the abstractionists, the only group that linked itself, if not to Communism, to the progressive movement, which was by then identified with the revolutionary movement. Their leader, Repin, severely condemned the principle of "art for art's sake," so dear to the "modernists": "There is only one principle," he said, "art for life's sake. Everything must serve life, and every work of art must serve it." Repin and the Peredvizhniki thus played in Russian art a role similar to that of Gorki in Russian literature. True, it is not they but the great abstractionist inventors who are linked in our minds with the heroic era of the revolution—just as Mayakovsky, not Gorki, represents for us revolutionary literature. But the revenge they took in art was no less than Gorki's in literature.

The forty-seventh exhibition of the Peredvizhniki, organized in Moscow in 1922 when the NEP was proclaimed, did not quite decide their victory. Still, it was the first open manifestation since the revolution of the artistic "right," of the adherents of "realism." The press polemic created by the exhibition permitted the more skillful of the realists to draw the right and shrewd conclusion from the accusations of "reaction" and "passéism" hurled against them: they formed the Association of Painters of Revolutionary Russia, known by its initials AKHRR. The "realist" painters thus made their first collective appearance as allies of the Soviet government, breaking the avant-garde's monopoly. Their program was simple, and we may see in it a forecast of "Socialist Realism": "We mirror the daily life: the life of the Red Army, workers, peasants, revolutionaries, and heroes of labor. Our style is 'heroic realism' in a monumental form." It was not for nothing that the Red Army was named first. To appreciate the point, it is enough to imagine the kind of art that the political commissars of any army with political influence would approve of. Indeed, the "Exhibition of the Fifth Anniversary of the Red Army"

became a triumph of the AKHRR. This exhibition became a nucleus of the famous Museum of the Revolution which the new "revolutionary" realists were to flood for many years with their genre paintings.

The "left" resisted them. Its magazine, *Lef*, stated in 1923 that the "right" kept on presenting to the public "the same cold and stale fish." And Mayakovsky declared at a public discussion meeting: "I did not see this year's exhibition of the AKHRR. But we might well ask, Is this culture? I have my own views on this subject. Take for example the well-known picture by Brodsky, *Meeting of the Komintern*, about which so much has been written, and you will see what depths of hideous banality can be reached by a Communist painter . . . Forgive me, comrades, but I can see no difference between the manner of painting members of the Tsar's Council of State [an allusion to a painting by Repin in 1901] and of members of our Komintern." Mayakovsky ended his speech by suggesting that portraits be replaced by photographs. In 1924 the works of the Constructivists were first confronted with the paintings of the realists in a common exhibit of both "right" and "left" called "An Exhibition for Discussion." Never did the Constructivists come closer to the ideal aims of Communism. Their exhibits represent a true project of a "transformed world," with models of transparent factories, first indications of an "industrial design," and a graphic imagination illustrated, for instance, by El Lissitzky's *Suprematist Tale of Two Squares*, a charming abstractionist tale for children.

Was it for this very reason that the exhibition determined the final eclipse of the avant-garde? Stalin's bureaucrats, the *aparatchiks*, do indeed hold on to the "Great Purpose" in their ideological rationalizations. But every practical attempt to realize that purpose fills them with dread. The artists who were "proletarian" but yesterday now become "Utopian." The "heroic realism" of the AKHRR is more flattering to the bureaucracy, which prefers the Golden Legend of the Revolution to revolutionary art. Still, the party's first resolution on cultural policy, written by Bukharin in 1925, states that the party cannot yet decide which group of artists represents the proletariat. But the ever-growing difficulties in arranging abstractionist exhibitions and the ever-decreasing government commissions made men like Pevsner, Gabo, Chagall, Kandinsky, Anenkov and Mansurov choose in those years the road of emigration. It must be emphasized, however, that at that time the members of the avant-garde could still travel freely and exhibit abroad. El Lissitzky left Russia in 1920 and played an important part in the artistic life of Germany until his return in 1928. Malevich was triumphantly received in 1927 both in Warsaw, where the Polish avant-gardists hailed him as their fellow countryman, and in Berlin, where the "Great Berlin Art Exhibition" gave a big room to his works. As late as 1930 he exhibited his Suprematist paintings in Moscow.

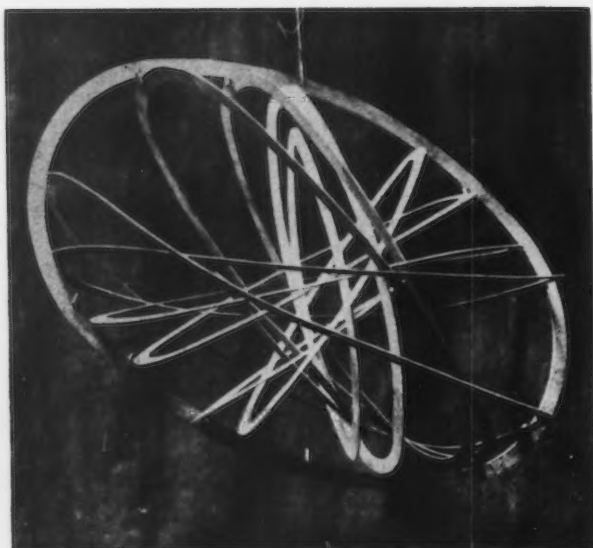
We seem to forget that Stalinism was not from the start the perfectly tight construction it became later. Stalin himself, in the first years of his personal rule, was more restrained than Lenin in his judgments on art and literature. It has been suggested that it was Gorki's return to Russia and his idyllic conversations with Stalin on a garden bench which increased the dictator's confidence in his judgments, since they were shared by the "greatest genius of Russia." But this is a moot question. George Anenkov, for example, has assured me that Gorki was in favor of abstraction in book illustrations. But persons close to Gorki confirm his hostility to Kandinsky—which is hardly surprising, since Gorki abhorred Maeterlinck and Stefan George, while Kandinsky (and this is a shameful secret closely guarded by contemporary art critics) considered himself their equivalent in art. Gorki felt the deepest contempt for Tatlin, who, incidentally, married one of his discarded mistresses. He called him "lazybones," "joker" and "scoundrel" and dismissed his project for a monument to the Third International as "rubbish." Gorki's artistic tastes are all too well known. A vulgar monument by the academic sculptor Shadr drew from him this elaborate tribute: "The Zagry Electric Station with its monument to Lenin in the river Kura is incredibly beautiful. It is the first really monumental work representing a man in a jacket. The artist magnificently caught the gesture of Lenin pointing with his hand to the mad current of the river."

THE best analysis of Stalinist aesthetics I have seen is contained in the anonymous essay by a Soviet writer, published in the Winter, 1960, number of *Dissent* (New York) under the title "On Socialist Realism." "Does this irrational concept really exist?" the author asks. "Maybe it is all a nightmare that frightened intellectuals dreamed in the dark Witches' Sabbath of Stalin's dictatorship? Was it the vulgar demagoguery of Zhdanov, or a senile mania of Gorki?"

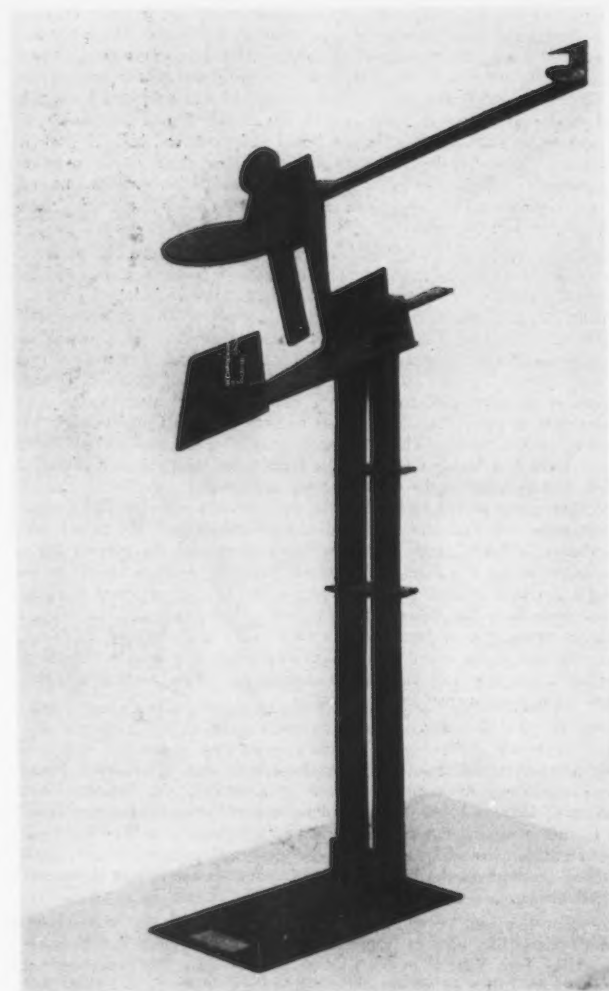
Socialist Realism, never properly defined, was gradually imposed on Soviet artistic life, until it became an undisputed dogma. The preparation of the Five Year Plan for Culture in 1930 gave the government a chance to formulate an official philosophy of art. If the Suprematists and Constructivists had ceased by then to play any important part, the "liberal" policy of the years 1922-28 had permitted the growth of all

* Published in *Soviet Survey*, London, January-March, 1959.

Avant-Garde and Revolution



Rodchenko, *Construction* (1920).



Rodchenko, *Construction* (1921).

kinds of new groups. The Ost group of easel painters consisted of artists educated in the Vkhutemas. Pupils of the Constructivists, they turned back to figurative painting under the influence of German Expressionism and the technique of photomontage. They are, needless to say, much more interesting than the men of the AKHRR. The epigones of the Jack of Diamonds split into two groups, Buito and Makovets. The "Moscow Painters" are, according to a contemporary Soviet critic, "full of the beauty of things and of wild colors, but without any philosophy"—obviously a kind of Russian Fauvism. In 1930, the art section of the People's Commissariat of Education decided to unite all the "permitted" groups into a Union of Workers in the Fine Arts. The AKHRR and a few connected splinter groups remain in command. Finally, a 1932 party resolution on "the unification of all existing literary and artistic groups into a single Union of Soviet Artists" aimed at "uniting all those who support the Soviet system and take an active part in the building of Socialism."

The theory of Socialist Realism, vague and ambiguous with regard to literature, can, as far as painting is concerned, be reduced to two principles: (1) "the problems of pictorial construction are unworthy of a thinking man," and (2) "the content of painting will create its own style." What actually happened was that there was imposed on Soviet painters not only a content, but also and above all a style: that of "the Russian realists of the nineteenth century," i.e., Repin and the Peredvizhniki.

This is perhaps the reason why the Soviet system proved unable to call forth its own authentic artistic expression, and why, after removing abstractionism, which was so inconveniently linked to a Utopian aim, it could not even mirror its inhuman grandeur in a classical scheme. For an oppressive society alone does not explain the death of art. The anonymous author of "On Socialist Realism" rightly reminds us: "Art is not afraid of dictatorship, severity and repression, not even of conservatism and clichés. Art can if necessary be narrowly religious, dully governmental, not at all individual—and yet great. We admire the stereotypes of ancient Egypt, of Russian icons, of folklore. Art is sufficiently elastic to fit into any bed of Procrustes that History prepares for it. It cannot bear but one thing: eclecticism."

Stalin's Russia borrowed its plastic stereotype from an era that was itself eclectic—the era of nineteenth-century academicism. Moreover, it froze the style by imposing it through compulsion, so that whatever was natural and, in a way, authentic in the naïve rhetoric of men like Repin and Meissonier was lost. Socialist Realism, nonexistent as a theory, gives us all the same a pretty faithful image of a society which, through purges, five-year plans and concentration camps, finally aimed at the ideal of petty-bourgeois manners. The scale and horror of the means used to reach this end give it a paradoxical character. Russian novels of the Stalin era give some corresponding literary pictures of contemporary Russian society: "Under a white ceiling sparkled a luxurious chandelier, with transparent and many-colored pendants hanging from it like icicles . . . Tall, silvery columns supported a dazzlingly white cupola, shot through with necklaces of electric bulbs . . . On the stage, next to a grand piano polished by age, stood Rakitin—the blue river of his tie flowing like a torrent down his breast encased in a gray suit." So much for a party agitator addressing his audience in a party hall of the mid-fifties . . . Socialist Realist painting is nothing but a reflection of this vulgarity, of this petty-bourgeois *savoir-faire*, of the compulsory *kulturnost*.

The dilemma of the post-Stalinist system consists in that it chose the road of pragmatic development, while its right to succession is based on ideological continuity. For Khrushchev himself, artistic problems create no difficulty: "For an artist who serves his people faithfully the question of whether or not he is free in his creative work is a meaningless one. For him this problem does not exist at all. Such an artist knows quite well how to approach reality; there is no need to 'adapt' him or to coerce him. To represent reality truthfully in accordance with his Communist convictions is for him a necessity of his soul. He sticks hard to his position and confirms it by his work." But for all this certainty, the Union of Soviet Artists had to organize, last October in Moscow, a conference on "revisionism in art criticism," in which "serious mistakes in Soviet art criticism" were stressed. Heresies were mentioned, heresies of which Russia hadn't heard for thirty years, and art critics came out in defense of young painters who were "formalist" and "even abstractionist."

WE KNOW now of the existence of young abstractionist painters in the Soviet Union; we also know that a number of older painters are engaged in two parallel forms of creation: one "official" and the other "private," the latter open to all kinds of experience. Less known is the fact that this semisecret painting has its public, its enthusiasts and even its patrons, with some atomic scientists among them—either from a sense of nuclear connection or through exploiting their privilege of irreplaceability. The abstractionist painters have, of course, no right to exhibit their paintings; but the Fifth Exhibition of Young Moscow Painters of



Malevich's Suprematist exhibition
(newspaper clipping).

June, 1959, roused the ire of the old academicians by its "formalist" tendencies. Yoganson, president of the Soviet Academy of Fine Arts, was so "upset by the very disturbing pictures in this exhibition" that he published in *Sovetskaya Kultura* an article "In Defense of Realism in Painting." When Stalin was still alive, an article by Yoganson or Gerasimov had the force of a decree. But now the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* published a reply which refuted the president's arguments and accused him in turn of "formalism" because of his attachment to the plastic expression of the nineteenth century.

The new Polish painting played here a pioneering role. The Polish pavilion at the collective exhibition of the Soviet-bloc countries in 1958 stirred the greatest interest among Soviet youth, while its excellently thought-out didactic aspect refuted in advance the charge of "meaninglessness" levied against modern art. In the plastic arts, Poland kept for a few years its natural part in the Communist bloc; it slowly spread the view that abstract painting is not necessarily a Trojan horse of capitalism, while the success of Polish painting in the Western world posed the question of "coexistence" in the sphere of art. Unfortunately, as the Polish situation has developed in the last few months, the petty-bourgeois City of Darkness has once more prevailed. We should therefore follow with all the greater care and all the greater hope the evolution within

the Soviet Union itself. That there is such an evolution, all the Western experts on contemporary Russian art agree. For Camilla Gray, the reappearance of the decorative element, always characteristic of Russian art, is a sign of new vitality. And E. Steneberg, who organized in 1959 the excellent exhibition on "The Russian Contribution to Contemporary Art," writes in *Das Kunstwerk*: "Russia today is a question mark as far as art is concerned. I saw abstract pictures being painted there; I spoke in Moscow with young painters influenced by the latest tendencies. Is a new and impatient generation growing up there?"

It would seem, however, that the problem of the renewal of art in Russia is now separated from the revolutionary idea. The new Soviet avant-garde could not derive strength from the Utopian teleology of Communism, but rather from its desanctification.

"Until something happens," writes the anonymous Soviet critic in *Dissent*, "our art is marking time between an unrealized realism and an unrealized classicism." But it is difficult not to share his hope of a new awakening of Russian art that could achieve once more a universal significance: "We don't know where to go; but, realizing that we cannot do anything else, we start to think, to suppose and to assume. Maybe we will think out something astonishing. But that *something* will no longer be Socialist Realism."

The Background of Modern Russian Art

The Peredvizhniki, ancestors of the Socialist Realists, no less founded the Russian avant-garde.

BY EDOUARD RODITI

THROUGHOUT the history of Russian art, painters seem, on the whole, to have had a difficult role. What Rabelais described as "*la nuit gothique*" persisted in Muscovy until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Nor was the dawn that followed this long twilight of hieratic Byzantinism one of great intellectual and artistic liberation, like that of fifteenth-century Italy. On the contrary, Russian artists then abandoned their traditional styles of icon painting only to imitate the merely fashionable court-painters of Stockholm, Potsdam, Vienna, London and Paris, or else the minor veduta-painters of Venice. Devout imitation of Western European models continued as Rococo was succeeded by Romantic. Around 1850, Russian art was submerged under a wave of Post-Romantic genre painting of the very worst kind, a tidal phenomenon accompanied by another of the same nature, I mean the backwash of the religious pathos of the German Nazarene Brotherhood—a school of painters closely allied, in its affectations of innocence or of visionary intensity, to the Pre-Raphaelites of England.

Ten years later, around 1860, the cavalcades of Zaporog Cossacks, the hordes of Tarass Bulba and the robber bands of Stenka Razin and other colorful heroes of popular Russian ballads began to invade the vastly expanded canvas steppes of Russian painting. This heyday of patriotic battle-compositions and other historical scenes culminated in the triumphs of Verestchaguin, a painter of great virtuosity who had

successfully assimilated all the skills and tricks of the Munich academicians. But a few less Slavophile and more politically progressive painters were also beginning, in that decade, to graduate from genre painting and to formulate a mild doctrine of Realism similar to that which Bastien-Lepage and Jules Adler taught in Paris. Nikolai Alexandrovitch Yaroshenko's scenes from the drab lives of the workers of Russia's metropolitan centers thus have much in common with some of the paintings of his compatriot Marie Bashkirtseff, who had studied under Bastien-Lepage in Paris.

This increased interest in scenes drawn from contemporary Russian life rather than from Russian history also reflected certain doctrines of a specifically Russian political and intellectual movement, that of the Populists. When the Populist leader Mikhailovitch proclaimed, in 1870, the urgency of an effort, on the part of his country's intelligentsia, to "return to the people," his battle cry was immediately heard by a whole school of Russian painters known as the Peredvizhniki, the "Travelers" or "Wanderers," who revolted that same year against the academic commonplaces of their day. But patriotic subjects and tableau-vivant scenes of history or of contemporary life continued, for a long while, to be one of the main preoccupations of these iconoclasts. Vassily Ivanovitch Surikov thus enjoys even now, in Soviet Russia, the same kind of popularity as his contemporary Millais once earned, for almost the same reasons, in Victorian England. In spite of these limitations, the Peredvizhniki painters remain the very fountainhead of all modern Russian painting.

Two of the greatest of the Peredvizhniki were destined to count, among their pupils or imitators, such masters of modern painting as Chagall and Jawlensky. Chagall acknowledges that one of his earliest oils was a copy of a landscape by Isaac Levitan, whose truly lyrical and painterly views of somewhat somber Russian scenes also inspired many of his friend Anton Tchekhov's verbal descriptions of Russian scenery. Ilya Repin, who numbered Alexis de Jawlensky and Marianne de Werefkin among his pupils, produced works—when he painted for his own pleasure rather than to satisfy the demands of patrons—that have a freshness and spontaneity one generally associates with the immediate circle of Manet and more particularly with some of the works of Berthe Morisot or of Mary Cassatt. Other leaders among the Peredvizhniki were Andrei Petrovitch Ryabushkin, who in 1899 painted a brilliantly colored and dramatically folkloristic *Russian Women of the Seventeenth Century in Church*. The subject matter and style of this picture reveal to us the importance of the Peredvizhniki movement as the source of the Slavic and Oriental exoticism which characterized the wonderful designs for theatrical sets and costumes for which the painters of the Mir Iskustva (World of Art) school, founded in 1899 by Serge de Diaghilev, soon became world-famous.

THE Peredvizhniki painters had interpreted Mikhailovitch's Populist cry for a return to the people in terms of a very Russian version of *plein-air* painting that included a systematic exploration of the beauties, whether natural or folkloristic, of Russian provincial life. When Verestchaguin, for instance, painted his Romantic-Realist portrait of a Kirghiz prince in full Siberian costume and with a hawk perched on his wrist, such a discovery of exotic subject-matter within the frontiers of the Tsarist Empire rather than on the shores of the Gulf of Sorrento was proof of the painter's acceptance of one of the basic tenets of the doctrine of the Populists and of the Peredvizhniki. An Orientalistic interest in the life, customs, costumes and folklore of the submerged nations of the Caucasus and of Siberia soon dominated nearly all the Russian art of the period that still interests us today. In music, it inspired a movement away from the subjective Romanticism of Tchaikovsky and the discovery of the kind of Romantic-Realist exoticism that inspired the Polovtsian Dances from *Prince Igor* and all the operas of Rimski-Korsakov. Among the painters of the Mir Iskustva movement, it



Ilya Repin, *Portrait of Tolstoi* (1887); courtesy Sovfoto.



Marc Chagall, *Self-Portrait* (1909);
Alport Collection, Oxford.



Isaac Levitan, *Golden Autumn* (1895);
courtesy Sovfoto.

can be detected especially in the theatrical designs of Léon Bakst for *Petrouchka* or for the *Polovtsian Dances*, in those of Nicolas Roerich for *The Rites of Spring*, and in those of Alexander Nicolayevitch Benois. A direct line can thus be traced, from the exoticism of Ryabushkin's *Russian Women of the Seventeenth Century in Church*, through some of the earlier works of Roerich, to the folkloristic Russian manner in which Wassily Kandinsky continued to paint, until 1908, such compositions as *The Blue Rider* and the *Riding Couple* of 1903, the *Night* and *The Troika* of 1906, and the *Bunte Welt* of 1907.

The *Peredvizhniki* deserve to be studied in a novel context: no longer, as orthodox Soviet aesthetics maintains, as the source of the Socialist Realist art of today, which has actually regressed to the worst excesses of patriotic academicism against which the *Peredvizhniki* originally revolted, but as the founders of the whole Russian avant-garde movement of the past eighty years. This movement began with the Russian Barbizon-School work of Isaac Levitan and the sober realistic portraiture of Repin and Serov, at its best so closely related to the portraiture of Courbet and to Manet's *Le Bon Bock*. It then produced the virtuoso Post-Impressionism of Vrubel's portraits of women, painted with a perverse or meditative sensuality that suggests affinities with the Viennese master Gustav Klimt. Finally, it led to all the "Art Nouveau" or "Jugendstil" experiments of Bakst, Benois, Roerich and other members of the *Mir Iskustva* movement. The experimental tradition in Russian painting then produced, after 1900, the art of the little-known Blue Rose movement in Saint Petersburg in 1905. It continued to prosper in the works of the Rayonnists, Larionov, Gontcharova and their friends, who were contemporaries of the early Paris Cubists and Fauvists. In the earlier experiments of Serge Férat, Marevna and Léopold Survage, it produced a specifically Russian variant of Cubism that, as a consequence of the emigration of most of its leading exponents, is now generally confused with the Cubism of Paris. Another experimental movement in Russian art was a school of post-Cézannian painters, among whom Falk, Sternberg and Nathan Altman attained at one time considerable prominence in Moscow, in the years that immediately followed the revolution. Many of these Russian post-Cézannians, such as Adolf Feder, Krémègne and Kikoine, were of Jewish origin and emigrated later to Paris, where they became well known as a group, if not individually, when most of them settled in Montparnasse between the two wars and were frequently seen in the company of Soutine. Another Russian-Jewish movement had set out, between 1910 and 1914, to formulate a specifically Jewish art of which Marc Chagall has now become the most famous exponent, though Issachar Ryback, El Lissitzky and Shimon Kratka, who illustrated early editions of the works of Sholem Aleichem, once enjoyed almost as great popularity. Between 1914 and 1922, finally, Russia produced three advance-guard movements which are still contributing important elements to the abstract movements of Western Europe and America: the Suprematism of Kasimir Malevich and his friends, the Constructivism of Tatlin, El Lissitzky, Rodchenko, Pevsner and Gabo, and the Russian

Dadaism which is best illustrated in the typographical experiments of that strange genius Iliad and in the early works of the painter Pougny.

CLOSELY associated with the *Mir Iskustva* group, with Diaghilev's Russian ballets and, later in Paris, with the Russian-born Cubists Serge Férat and Léopold Survage, the Rayonnist painters Larionov and Gontcharova are often difficult to follow in their complex evolution. Both extremely productive between 1905 and 1920, they have frequently abandoned a recently formulated style in order to revert to it at a much later period. The production of these two great but shockingly neglected innovators ranges from a decorative or folkloristic art, in book illustrations and designs for theater and ballet conceived in the same general tradition as those of Bakst, through a period of *pittura antigrassiosa* which antedates by a good five years that of the Italian master Carlo Carrà and by more than twenty-five years the *art brut* of Dubuffet, to a Cubist idiom which remains at all times recognizably Russian. In spite of obvious and justified borrowings from the Cubism of Paris and from Italian Futurism, this Russian Cubism is always very individual. In the increasingly abstract idiom of Rayonnism, Larionov and Gontcharova then formulated a style out of which the evolution of all later Russian abstract styles can easily be traced.

The most important new movements in Russian art in the early years of the revolution—Suprematism, Constructivism and Russian Dada—



Léon Bakst, *Hindu Ballet* (1913);
courtesy Museum of Fine Arts,
Boston, Massachusetts.



Bakst, *The Afternoon of a Faun*;
courtesy Wadsworth Atheneum,
Hartford, Connecticut.

The Background of Modern Russian Art



Nathalie Gontcharova, *Cats* (c.1910);
collection Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

though banned and persecuted in Russia since 1922, have now been triumphantly rediscovered, in Western Europe and America, within the past five or six years. But these three movements had once been closely connected, in their heyday, with similar movements in Poland, Germany, Holland and Switzerland. Kasimir Malevich, for instance, though appointed, as the founder of Suprematism, a director of the Moscow National Academy of Fine Arts shortly after the revolution, continued for long to maintain contact with the avant-garde of his native Poland. The Polish painter Vladislav Strzemiński, who founded in Warsaw the Solorist school of abstract art and was married to Katarina Korbo, a Suprematist sculptress, was a close friend of Malevich. Henryk Berlewi and other Warsaw artists of the Blok and Mechanofaktura or "machine-made art" schools were also admirers of Malevich and close friends of El Lissitzky.

As early as 1907, Malevich had revealed his talents as a draftsman and colorist in dramatically figurative Fauvist or Expressionist works. After experimenting in Cubism as well, he had been briefly associated with Larionov and the Rayonnists. But he was also an inveterate politician of art, a formulator of new and strikingly original programs, by temperament an almost dictatorial leader. When Chagall was in charge of the Vitebsk art school, to the faculty of which he had very eclectically invited artists representing nearly all trends, Malevich staged, with Lissitzky's aid, a revolt that transformed the school, in Chagall's absence, into an exclusively Suprematist institution. The writings of Malevich are in this respect very revealing. He seems to have viewed abstract art as a kind of revolutionary nihilism that was destined to eradicate all other contemporary forms of art and to destroy and supplant all the art of the past. This nihilism also expressed itself in a willful impoverishment of the scope of painting. In many of his mature Suprematist compositions, Malevich achieved an economy and a concentration, a simplicity of design and of color, that only Mondrian, at the other end of Europe, had also set out to achieve. As in many works of Mondrian, white and black and two or three basic colors constitute, together with basic geometrical forms, the whole range of the Suprematist idiom. In a few of his later compositions, Malevich even experimented, as Strzemiński and his other disciples also did in Warsaw, as Mondrian in Holland, and Charchoune too, a few years later, in Paris, in compositions of white on white, where geometrical designs are achieved, in an uniformly white canvas, exclusively by variations in the texture of the white.

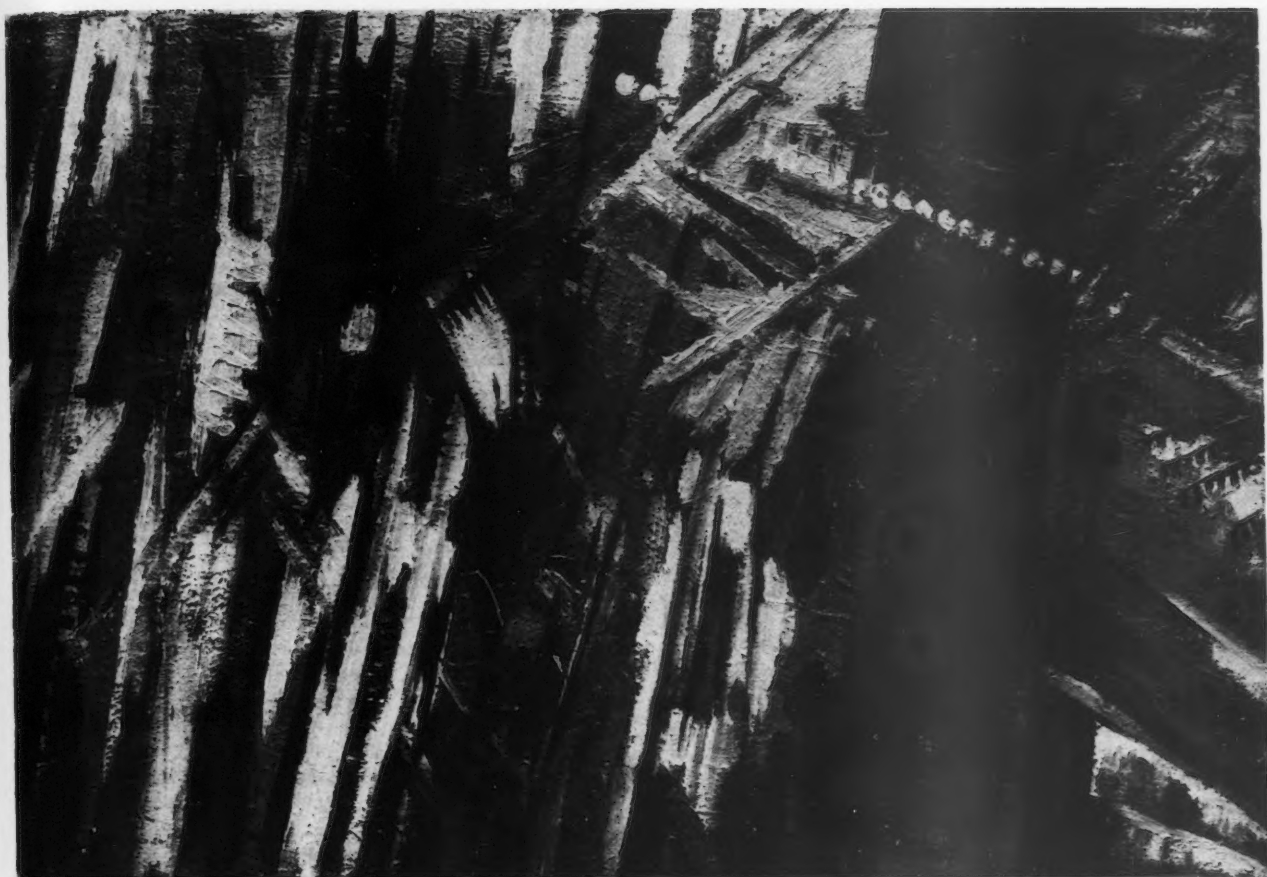
POPULAR historians of art are often rather vague about the relationship between Rayonnism, Suprematism and Constructivism. Actually, the filiation of these three movements was as follows: Larionov founded the Rayonnist movement in 1912 and Malevich was active in it until 1915, when he founded the Suprematist movement, from which several

of his disciples then seceded, after 1917, to found the Constructivist movement. The Constructivists actually included a number of other recruits from various earlier movements. Tatlin, Rodchenko, Pevsner, Gabo and Lissitzky are now the most famous Constructivist painters or sculptors, but Lissitzky, before becoming a Constructivist, had been active in the Jewish Art movement with Ryback and Chagall, and Ryback also joined the Constructivists briefly, when he designed Constructivist sets for Moscow theatrical productions. Pougny, who later joined the German Dadaists in Berlin when he went into exile, had also been, in Russia, a Constructivist. In Paris, Pougny finally distinguished himself as a strange latter-day disciple of Bonnard and Vuillard, pursuing an evolution that led him as far away as possible from his Constructivist and Dada beginnings.

Far more than Rayonnism or Suprematism, Constructivism had an immediate impact on the art of Western Europe, to a great extent as a result of Lissitzky's personality, of his friendships and his activities. In postwar Berlin, Lissitzky associated with the German Dadaists, especially with Hans Richter, Viking Eggeling and Raoul Hausmann, as well as with visiting representatives of the Dutch De Stijl movement. In 1922, these three groups held a conference in Weimar, attended also by Tzara and other Dadaists from Zurich and Paris. In Berlin, Lissitzky also edited a periodical, now extremely rare, which was published in French, German and Russian under the trilingual title *Gegenstand-Objet-Vietch*. Its other editor was, of all people, the Soviet publicist Ilya Ehrenburg, who was at that time sitting on the fence and, after the defeat of the separatist Ukrainian Socialist government which he had served, still flirting with the idea of remaining a political exile. Contributors to this strange periodical included Le Corbusier, Meyerhold, Viking Eggeling, Hans Richter, Archipenko, the Russian poets Chlebnikov, Essenin and Mayakovsky, Picasso, Tairoff, Ozenfant and André Salmon—in fact, a cross section of the avant-garde of Central and Western Europe as well as of Soviet Russia. A small group of refugee Russian-Jewish artists and writers also published in Berlin, in those years, an even more rare Yiddish periodical that contained unique examples of Dadaist or Constructivist experiments with Hebrew typography. I was once privileged to see a copy of it, in Paris, in the library of the Polish painter Henryk Berlewi, who had often been in Berlin, after the First World War, and had even contributed an article, in 1924, on Russian Constructivism, to Herwarth Walden's *Der Sturm*. Berlewi had long been a close friend of Lissitzky and still treasures some of the latter's unpublished Russian writings on art. In his own Polish Mechanofaktura movement, Berlewi had moreover adapted to his personal tastes and requirements many of the ideas of the Russian Constructivists concerning a machine-made art. As late as 1928, Berlewi still received, in Paris, some letters from Lissitzky, who had returned from Berlin to Moscow and was there destined to be one of the victims of the Stalinist purge of all modernist literary and artistic circles. Little is now known of Lissitzky's fate. He is rumored to have died after some years in solitude and poverty as an exile in Siberia, where he was mainly dependent on the rare charities of a few equally poor but kindhearted peasants.

IN HIS article on Constructivism published in German in *Der Sturm*, Berlewi claimed that "the apotheosis of the artist's materials and the consequent scientific and laboratory research in the field of their characteristics or peculiarities reached in Russia their zenith, in the works of Tatlin and Rodchenko." All such discussions of the principles of Constructivism now lead us to believe that it aimed, as opposed to the purely abstract Suprematism of Malevich, at achieving a kind of "Neue Sachlichkeit," mainly by adopting the forms and materials of modern industrial techniques in architecture and engineering. At the same time, the Constructivists allowed themselves, *pour épater le prolétaire* if not *le bourgeois*, a certain amount of spoofing very closely allied to that of the Dadaists. The "Proun" experiments of Lissitzky, in this respect, have much in common with the "Merz" experiments of Kurt Schwitters. Hannah Höch and the Berlin Dadaists, though Proun was generally more rational than Merz, more directly inspired by recent developments in architecture and engineering. Few people now realize the actual meaning of the Russian word "Proun." Whereas "Merz" is reputed to owe its birth, as a word, to sheer chance, when Kurt Schwitters caught sight of the meaningless last syllable of the German word "Kommerz," "Proun" stands for "pro," meaning "for," and "Unovis," an abbreviation for "Ustanovlenye Novavo Iskustva," meaning "Foundation for New Art"—an institution, long deceased, that Lissitzky and his Constructivist friends had established in Russia.

Lissitzky's mere presence in Berlin, shortly after the First World War, brought to the attention of the German Dadaists and of other advance-guard groups in Western Europe the value of the experimental work of the Soviet Constructivists in such fields as photomontage, designing for stage sets, typographical design and industrial design as



Michel Larionov, *Street with Lanterns* (1910);
collection Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

a whole. Many of the early experiments of the Bauhaus were indeed influenced by Russian Constructivist styles and ideas, and even Serge de Diaghilev, who was none too sympathetic, as a political exile, to the Bolshevik loyalties of most of the Constructivists, commissioned the sculptors Pevsner and Gabo, when at last they emigrated from Russia, to design the costumes and sets for Henri Sauguet's ballet *La Chatte*.

The fate of Russian Dadaism remains too obscure for us to be able to distinguish it clearly from the Dada movements of Berlin, Zurich and Paris. Like Constructivism, it was born in the revolutionary era; unlike Constructivism, it never enjoyed any official support. Apart from the Dada poems of Khlebnikov and a few of his friends, who invented words much as Kurt Schwitters did in Germany and eschewed, for a while, writing anything that might be suspected of having any meaning, Russian Dadaism seems to have survived mainly in the Russian typographical experiments of Iliadz, who now lives as a refugee in Paris. Magnificently printed in Russian with a great wealth of typographical fantasy, the poems of Iliadz rarely contain words that are likely to be found in any Russian dictionary; besides, Iliadz sometimes prints them in Russian mirror writing, so that one can find out how meaningless they are only if one reads their reflection in a mirror. In this respect, Russian Dada was as nihilistic as any other Dada movement, as exclusively addicted to fantasy and spoofing. We have little reason to be surprised that it failed to survive in the solemn atmosphere of Socialist Reconstruction that began to weigh so heavily, after 1922, on the literature and the arts of Soviet Russia.

Russia's modernists have been ignored, discouraged, or even persecuted, ever since 1922, in their native land. If they chose to be expatriates, they have been plagued, in the isolation of exile, with every conceivable linguistic, psychological, social or economic handicap. Yet Archipenko, Zadkine, Lipchitz and Pevsner are generally counted among the major masters of modern sculpture, Chagall, Soutine and Kandinsky among those of modern painting. Every year the art market now discovers or rediscovers some other important Russian artist: Jawlensky and Marianne de Wereffin, Poliakov and Lansky, Malevich and Lissitzky, Larionov and Gontcharova are all painters whose works, ten years ago, were practically unknown, but who are now represented, quite rightly, in many of our best museums.



Larionov, *Glasses* (1909);
collection Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

Schiele and Austrian Expressionism

His exhibition, now at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art, will go on a season-long tour.

BY ALFRED WERNER

WHEN Dr. Ernest Jones once remarked to Freud how interesting it must have been to live in Vienna, a city so full of new ideas, Freud retorted to his future biographer: "I have lived here for fifty years and have never come across a new idea here." In his bitterness, Freud failed to state the case quite fairly. During his lifetime, Vienna seethed with new, revolutionary ideas in many fields. He would have been right, though, had he observed that in Vienna anything unconventional was usually opposed and condemned by public and press with a ferocity more violent than one could find in Paris or Berlin, giving the lie to the city's famous "*Gemütlichkeit*," and indicating an intellectual and spiritual lassitude aroused to action only when someone with strong convictions came to sow the seeds of unrest.

Between 1900 and 1920, the Austrian capital harbored many innovators in science, music and—what is less widely known—the plastic arts. Of the three protagonists of Austrian Expressionism, the earliest, Richard Gerstl (1883-1908), has yet to be shown in the United States. Egon Schiele (1890-1918) has just recently become known here to a larger public. Only Oskar Kokoschka, now in his seventies, is extensively represented in American public and private collections—and he has even exerted a considerable influence here as a teacher. Gerstl's freely brushed and highly intense oils were discovered (by the Neue Galerie) as late as 1931, twenty-three years after his suicide, and at a time when Expressionism had long become accepted. Kokoschka's early fights with the Viennese authorities have often been recounted. But the brief, frustrated career of Schiele is still unknown to the English-speaking world.*

Though the "misunderstood artist," starving in a garret and receiving full recognition only after his early death, has become

a cliché in the writing of the last hundred years, it is still important to recognize that there are artists who have stuck firmly to their moral and aesthetic convictions without regard to the penalty imposed by a disapproving society. While he was a "Man Aflame" like Van Gogh, or Modigliani, Schiele's story is quite different in significant details, particularly because of his "choice" of fatherland.

LIKE Kokoschka, who was four years his senior (but, though they exhibited at the same places, never an intimate), Schiele was a native of Lower Austria. Tulln, where he was born on June 12, 1890, is a dull provincial city on the Danube, some miles northwest of Vienna. Egon early displayed a graphomania that gave little pleasure to his teachers at the *Realgymnasium*, who complained that his incessant doodling had a disturbing influence upon the class.* He was fifteen when his father, station master in Tulln, died insane. An uncle, appointed as his guardian, demanded that Egon finish his studies, but the boy knew what he was destined to become and insisted upon enrolling at Vienna's Akademie der Bildenden Künste.

With his mother's support he got his way, and for a time everything worked out well. He was loved by his teachers as long as he was willing to direct his evident talent into strictly academic aesthetics. At the age of eighteen he had his first "one-man show," in a period when it was not as usual as it is today to discover and encourage the young. It took place in the venerable Augustinian monastery of Klosterneuburg (a Danube city between Tulln and Vienna), receiving the blessings of Prelate (later Cardinal) Piffl, one of the most reactionary churchmen Austria ever had. There were near-Impressionist landscapes, with houses, trees and boats reflected in rivers. There were accurately executed family portraits and self-portraits. No one could possibly object to these charming little oils.

But soon thereafter came the inevitable break with tradition. Was it due to a meeting with Klimt, twenty-eight years his senior? Had it been Van Gogh (first shown in Vienna in 1906) who helped him to get away from subservience to nature? Or was it Gothic or Far Eastern art, or whatever samples of African and Polynesian sculpture had reached Vienna? Or was it just genius instinctively rebelling against the academic *déjà vu*? At any rate, his teacher, Professor Christian Griepenkerl, eventually became so furious at the young man's insubordination that he roared: "The very devil must have shit you into my class!"

* To judge by his autobiographical notes, Egon must have been an unusual and slightly disturbed child. On the one hand, he regarded his "brutal teachers" as his "enemies." On the other, he loved nature with a precocious intensity, the "vast plains, country roads in spring, raging storms . . . enchanted flowers, speechless gardens, birds in whose bright eyes I saw myself mirrored in a rosy light." There is something hysterical about a boy who, as he admitted, was "often close to tears when autumn came."

* The first American to acquire Schiele's work was probably Scofield Thayer, editor of *The Dial*, who visited Vienna in 1922 (four years after Schiele's death), and reproduced a number of his drawings and water colors in his magazine. In 1959, the Museum at Worcester, Massachusetts, exhibited them within a large group show, "The Dial Collection." The Minneapolis Institute of Art was the first American museum to acquire a major work by Schiele (in 1955 it bought the portrait of Paris Gütersloh). Memorial shows devoted to Schiele could be seen in 1948 and 1957 at the St. Etienne Gallery, New York, whose owner, Otto Kallir, rediscovered Gerstl and is the author of the Schiele *catalogue raisonné* (Vienna, 1930), which reproduces every oil whose whereabouts was known.

The current loan exhibition at Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art (October 6–November 6) includes twenty-five oils and forty-nine temperas, water colors, drawings and prints. The collection will later be displayed at the new quarters of the St. Etienne Gallery, and successively at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. A Schiele exhibition is also featured in New York at the Bayer Gallery (October 4–November 12).

England has never had a show devoted exclusively to Schiele, but four oils by him were included in the recent exhibition of Austrian art organized by the Arts Council. Reviewing this show, Eric Newton exclaimed, "I would gladly have sacrificed a dozen of the fashionable contemporaries for a handful of drawings or one more important painting by Schiele."



Black Girl (1911); collection Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin College.

Schiele and Austrian Expressionism

Soon after this scene Schiele quit the Akademie. At nineteen he felt ready to face the world, confident of his ability to eke out a living as an artist without ever having to sully his hands by compromise. He rented a studio—a poorly lit hole—only to find out soon that Vienna, superficially hedonistic, yet arch-conservative in all matters concerning art, was the last place where a "Neukünstler" (Schiele's term for a maker of genuine, distinctly new things) could hope to exist. If occasional sales enabled him to pay the rent, there was no money left for clothes and food, for canvas and paint. He wore old suits inherited from his father or donated by the very unenthusiastic uncle. In lieu of collars he wore contraptions cut from paper. Whenever he was near death from starvation, there was a charitable neighbor or his model Ida who would share a meager meal with him. Unable to purchase cigarettes, he would pick up stubs from the gutters. He would paint on cheap cardboard, on any kind of cloth. But on those rare occasions when money did arrive, it was soon squandered.

In 1909 his work was seen at the anti-academic Kunstschau, along with canvases by Van Gogh and Munch, Klimt and Kokoschka. Thereafter he had several shows in Vienna, but sales to Austrian collectors were few and far between. Moreover, the press was, with few exceptions, maliciously hostile (Kokoschka escaped from it by finding a more tolerant atmosphere in Germany). One critic referred to his work as "aberrations which belong to the most disgusting objects one has ever seen in Vienna." To make things worse, he was persecuted by officialdom. In an exhibition at Prague his pictures were taken down on police orders. For painting studies of nude teen-age girls he was once expelled from the town of Krumau, Bohemia, for his alleged "corrupting influence upon the youth." In another provincial town, Neulengbach, in Lower Austria, police raided his studio and confiscated a batch of "indecent" drawings. "I was in jail for twenty-four days!" Schiele moaned, somewhat self-pityingly, in the posthumously published prison diary. "An eternity. I have been severely punished without cause. During the trial one of the confiscated drawings was ceremoniously burned over a candle by the judge—auto-da-fé, Middle Ages! Why don't they go to the museums and destroy the works of art?"

By the middle of 1914 Schiele's economic situation had improved slightly, largely on account of the reputation he had gained abroad. He was able to marry, on June 18, 1915—the tender features of Edith Harms are known to us from many of

his drawings and oils—and two days later he was drafted into the army and assigned to guard duty at various P.O.W. camps and factories. In the same year—he was only twenty-five—the first major essay about him was written by his friend, the painter Paris Gütersloh (whose work was first exhibited in New York in 1956). His reputation continued to rise, but largely abroad; during his lifetime, works by Schiele were shown in Germany, and also in Zurich—where his indebtedness to the Swiss Ferdinand Hodler was noted—and Amsterdam, Paris, Rome, Brussels and Stockholm. One recalls Professor Freud's reply to the Collector of Internal Revenue who had challenged the doctor's tax declaration by noting that his reputation extended "far beyond the frontier of Austria." Freud, observing ironically that this was the first time the government had taken any notice of him, corrected the official by pointing out that his reputation *began* at the Austrian frontier.

Up to the spring of 1918, Schiele must have felt much the same way. But then recognition came to him, at last, through a one-man show in Vienna's Secession: his work occupied the main hall, and a few days after the opening all pictures bore the note "*Angekauft*" (sold). For the first time in his life Schiele could breathe easily. The money was most welcome, particularly because his wife was expecting a child. Early in that year Schiele's fatherly friend, Gustav Klimt, had been buried in the Hietzing cemetery, but if Schiele was greatly grieved by the loss of his idol he was in part compensated by the homage now paid to himself by all freedom-loving Austrian artists, who proclaimed him their leader.

By October, it was clear that the war, loathed by the internationalist and pacifist Schiele, would very soon come to an end—luckily he had gotten a desk job in Vienna early in 1917. The Schieles were then living in a modest house on Hietzinger Hauptstrasse (with a glorious view over the fields and vineyards and groves on the mild slopes of the hills on the outskirts of Vienna). But an influenza epidemic began to rage among the undernourished and weakened Viennese (it was spreading over most of Europe). Although the Schieles, fully aware of their newly won happiness and freedom, desperately tried to escape the disease by avoiding the streets, fate was stronger. First the pregnant Edith Schiele was felled by it. Returning from her funeral, the artist began to shiver with fever. Three days later, on October 31, 1918, he too was dead. They lie buried, side by side, in the Ober-Sankt-Veit cemetery.



Arnold Schoenberg;
collection Mr. B. F. Dolin.

Two Proletarian Children
(c. 1911); collection
Mr. and Mrs. William Lincer.



Nude Girl (1918);
courtesy Galerie St. Etienne.



Yellow City (1914):
collection Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Mayer, New York.

THOUGH I was too young to have met the artist, I feel I can reconstruct his image from the numerous self-portraits no less than from what I have read about him, and from what I could learn from several older compatriots, notably the critic Max Roden and the artist Fred Dolbin, who knew him well. He was tall, lean, smooth-shaven, with tousled dark hair above his furrowed brow, and large, dark eyes. Unlike many a self-appointed "Bohemian" who tries by extravagant garb and wild behavior to compensate for the lack of innate gifts, Schiele—the most talented artist to emerge from Austria in modern times—had quiet manners and dressed inconspicuously (he was always neat in appearance, even when the suit he wore was the only one he owned). Taciturn, introspective, sensitive, he always seemed to those who knew him as though he had just awakened from a nightmarish dream. But he was, by nature, neither morbid nor perverse. His preoccupation with the macabre was, for one thing, part of the Austrian tradition (*vide* the numerous plays in which Death is evoked, or the moody and sad poetry of Georg Trakl, a victim of the First World War), and partly also the "tristitia" of a sensitive young man, plagued by the eternal conflict between instinctual desire and ethical duty. One might add as well the oppressive atmosphere—life in a "glamorous" city where bloody workers' demonstrations, racial strife and finally the tragedy of war were the true reality.

To be able to live and work as a young man without funds—and as a progressive artist at that—in Vienna in the years around 1910 a man did need an indomitable will and firm belief in his goal, for the city, though the capital of the largest European state outside Russia, was amazingly provincial in art. (Remember Hofmannsthal's desperate outcry, "In Vienna, there is no market for art!") When, in 1909, Schiele entered competition with the great by exhibiting at the aforementioned Kunst-

schau, Art Nouveau, long abandoned in most of Europe, still lingered on in the capital. It is significant that young artists who came from the East (among them Pascin) would, on their way to Paris, stop for study at Munich or Berlin rather than Vienna. Pointillists, Symbolists, Nabis, Fauves, Cubists were known mainly from whatever foreign art magazines reached the more sophisticated cafés (such as the Café Museum, near the vanguard Secession headquarters, where even the non-gregarious Schiele might turn up now and then). It was only when he was nearly fifty that Klimt won his war with the Viennese, so that his decorative, allegorical compositions no longer stirred the hysterical fury with which they had been greeted earlier.

But though Klimt was the first important artist to emerge in Austria for several decades, his work was too decorative, too bourgeois, too decadent for the generation following him. Gerstl, Kokoschka, Schiele at first fell under the spell of his ostentatious ornament as they tried to find a way out of the blind alley of the naturalism still taught at the schools. Slightly younger than such German Expressionists as Kirchner, Pechstein, Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff, they also refused, but quite independently, to place antique mythology—Hygeia, Leda, Danaë—between themselves and the burning human problem they wished to solve, or at least express, by means of a purely painterly act.

If one surveys the totality of Schiele's work—not only the two hundred extant oils, but also the thousand water colors and drawings and the few prints—one might say that, thematically, he was preoccupied with varied manifestations of sex. He was, indeed, a "voyeur"—for it is the artist's task to observe and absorb all facets of nature, so that he may, like Gauguin, go off to look at nude South Sea islanders disporting themselves under palm trees, or, like Schiele, intently study masturbating Lolitas. For him, as for his coevals Modigliani and Pascin, Woman's

Schiele and Austrian Expressionism



Houses with Drying Laundry (1917);
collection Mrs. Ala Story, Santa Barbara, California.

body was the Universe, and her exposed torso the focus of all passions. It is significant that all of these artists (and Munch must be added to them) had little interest in anything else, be it books, music, the theater, religion or social problems.

Krafft-Ebing, Freud, Weininger were the scientific counterparts, indicative of the importance attached to the concept of sexuality in the late Victorian period and the decade to follow. Schiele probably never read what Freud wrote about sexual instincts and energies, nor did he have to listen to Weininger's advice to the artist to gain experience as a starting point for self-exploration. Sex infused everything in the declining years of Vienna; it came to the fore just because official hypocrisy shunned the very mention of it, even in a scientific lecture (while the existence of brothels for customers of all income groups was universally accepted). Schiele, as an artist and as a man (and he earnestly insisted that the two were always one), was an honest and professed eroticist who, overcoming an initial fear, went all the way to explore the mysteries of sex, man's indomitable mating instincts. But unlike Munch, whose work he knew and admired, he did not view woman with dread and terror, as a possessive and lascivious vampire. For him man was not a victim of the serpent, but woman's partner in an equal quest for whatever happiness could be found, bliss culminating in the procreation of new life (see the nude group portrait—the artist, his wife and, between her legs, the baby that, alas, was never to see the light of day).

The term "happiness" must be used with caution, however. What primarily sustained Schiele, even in his darkest moments (as his diaries, letters and poems reveal), was his art—one is reminded of Rodin's statement that artists are "almost the only men who do their work with pleasure."

Now that *Expressionismus* has long become a phenomenon of

the past, there is no need to dwell at length on Schiele's style. To free himself from Naturalism, he had to go through a Klimtesque period (one year!), with mosaic-like patterns in hieratic pose. But by 1911 he had completed his anti-naturalistic revolt, had left far, far behind whatever traces of *fin de siècle* decadence might have crept into his art, had learned to dispense with superfluous detail. If in his earlier work color did not play the dominant role it occupies in the work of Kokoschka or Gerstl, in his last years the painterly qualities rose to the level of his stupendous draftsmanship, and eventually he was able to achieve the highest emotional pitch through his stained-glass-like color.

The Swiss psychoanalyst Oskar Pfister probably did not know Schiele's work; at least he does not mention it in his authoritative work, *Expressionism in Art*, written about 1920. But he does give a perfect description of the solipsist whose paintings are exclusively self-portraits (so to speak), symbolic representations of his own soul regardless of what subject he chooses—the neurotic who through his artistic activity strengthens his life force, appeasing the conflict within his divided nature through projection and objectivation on the canvas. Here is perhaps the briefest characterization of Schiele ever given—in the words of a man who apparently never heard of him:

"Repelled from the external world by bitter experiences, the cognitive subject hides itself away in its own inner world and magnifies itself into a world-creator. The immense self-conceit of the expressionist artist is not vanity, though, but a psychologically well-founded experience, a necessary means to avoid the collapse of a lonely personality denuded of all reality. But this paranoian autism has to be paid for with bitter martyrdom."

This martyrdom reveals itself in Schiele's personal letters, which, because of the numerous neologisms, often defy transla-

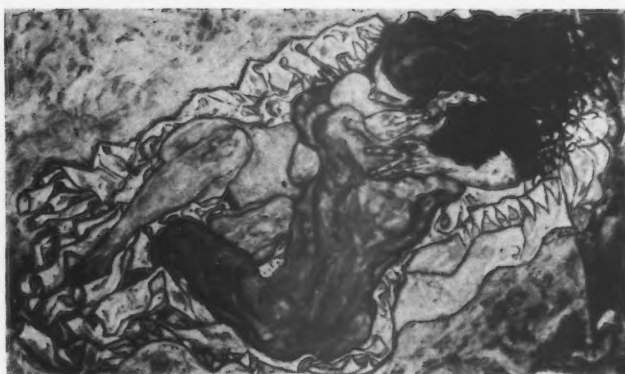
tion. Here is a typical sample, from a letter in which Schiele complains to his friend (and future biographer), Arthur Roesler, about the antagonism of his colleagues: "I would like to leave Vienna as soon as possible. How ugly everything is here. Everyone is full of envy and behaves in an underhand manner toward me. There is falsehood in the eyes of erstwhile artist-friends. Vienna is full of shadow. A black city. I want to be alone."

His tragedy manifests itself, of course, even more clearly in his work. Yet through spontaneous expression he managed to maintain a balance between his dream life and reality, and not only to relieve himself of anxieties, but to make the public participate in them. It was always a small public, to be sure, and still is, for his work—lean, angular, "abstract," given to audacious foreshortening and other unacademic devices—is not "likable." Disturbingly unflattering self-portraits that to many an observer look like caricatures (he often drew or painted his portrait in the nude). Candid portraits (including one of the composer Arnold Schoenberg), always revealing the sitter's character behind the furrowed epidermis, always unlocking the secret chamber of the soul. Vistas of unglamorous Austrian towns, stern, somber, even moribund, as nobody had seen them before. Stiff-limbed children, clad in rags, and looking out from precocious, tragedy-fraught eyes. Solitary, emaciated bare trees acting like ghosts in a fearful drama (such as Samuel Beckett writes in our days). Poverty, blindness, death. Above all, women, often with muscular bodies, often shown from curious angles so as to focus attention upon the genitalia. Women seductive and women disgusting. Women in the nude, in sleazy underwear, women dressing or undressing. And men and women together, trapped in the passions of sex rather than engaged in an innocuous enactment of "The Kiss."*

Schiele worked incessantly. Like Pascin, he drew wherever he happened to be, drew on old envelopes, on the marble tops of café tables, drew with a wiry, sensitive line—masculine, even ferocious—creating contours that needed no shading and that ultimately acquired the calligraphic simplicity of a Matisse. Like Van Gogh, he had only eight or nine years in which to make his artistic statement. But whereas Van Gogh knew that he was ill, and rushed his work in anticipation of his hovering doom, Schiele may very well have expected to live a long and rich life. To his colleague Anton Peschka, he explained that so far he had only "prepared his tools." Had he lived longer, he undoubtedly would have become one of the most influential artists of our time, and Expressionism, under his leadership, would have made a much stronger stand in Austria.

In Vienna, over his grave, there is now a monument to this zealot, this "fanatic" who never stopped before having transformed and transfigured reality until the image would correspond exactly to his feeling. A street is named for him there, and he has a hall to himself in the Oesterreichische Galerie des 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts. If in 1926, at the fifteenth Venice Biennale, he was represented with only five oils, in 1948 the second Austrian Republic dispatched to Venice no fewer than twenty-six of his oils and thirty-one water colors and drawings. As for America, in all likelihood critics here, after the present show in Boston, will pay more attention to this pioneer who "approached his problems with a deep, almost religious earnestness," to quote his compatriot Otto Benesch. There will be many more Schiele exhibitions, and our museums will make greater efforts than ever before to acquire his poetic and mystery-laden work. For Benesch has not exaggerated in characterizing his achievement as a landmark in the art of our time: "Its quality has rarely been surpassed, and its inspiring influence has not yet come to an end."

* Note that such somber terms as "agony," "woe," "delirium," "blindness," "sickness," "death" recur again and again in his titles.



The Embrace (c. 1917);
collection Austrian State Gallery, Vienna.



Young Girl (1910);
courtesy Bayer Gallery, New York.



The Family (c. 1917);
collection Austrian State Gallery, Vienna.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

Is it possible to operate a museum, particularly one that purports to convey a sense of the present, without taste? That is the question one finds posed in the exhibition called "Young America 1960" at the Whitney Museum (September 14–October 30). It is not precisely a new question at the Whitney, but I daresay the answer has never come through with such numbing clarity as now.

There is first of all—and always—the Whitney interior itself, which is the most stunning example of anti-taste in the history of New York museology. Everyone knows this, everyone laments the fact, and it is a bore to talk about every time an exhibition turns up in that quarter, and yet it *must* always be talked about, and often in precedence over the works themselves, since it nullifies in advance the success of any exhibition that is undertaken there. The truth is that the interior of the Whitney Museum should be demolished and done over. That horrible, deadening floor should be taken up; those tacky, cheesy walls should be thrown out; and the ceiling, with its incredible frozen light, ought to be sent on permanent loan to the city morgue. The Whitney's interior effects a combination of sensations that, on the face of it, seems an impossibility, comprising as it does all the grossness of the technological future with the mustiness of a damp and threadbare past.

The directors cannot always mount an exhibition that is an exact pictorial equivalent of this tasteless, air-conditioned void, but in "Young America 1960" they have succeeded to a far greater degree than one would have thought possible. Here are thirty artists who are thirty-five or younger—and some are much younger—and the impression they convey as a group is simply one of fatigue. One would be hard pressed to recall a museum exhibition that has been so uniformly tired and tiring and unnecessary.

What we are given in "Young America 1960" is, for the most part, a panorama of sophisticated art students—there is no such thing as an unsophisticated art student anymore—who have breached this unloved quarter purely by virtue of the absence of taste and mind which prevails at the Whitney as a permanent atmosphere. Some of these students are very gifted; many are hopeless; and they are all, gifted and hopeless alike, going to be the losers in the game that the museum men are playing at their expense. As for the tiny number of genuine functioning artists who have somehow, perhaps by some algebraic law of chance, found their way into this mess, they had better begin asking themselves if their careers can support this sort of indignity as a matter of course. There was a time when artists refused to be accomplices in public ventures which demeaned their dignity and seriousness, but such gestures seem to have gone out with poverty and outdoor plumbing. It may be that a few more events like "Young America 1960" will force their revival, for it is inconceivable that artists will want to countenance vulgarity of this sort for very much longer. Even the keenest of our young careerists must sooner or later realize that participation in burials of this kind represents the reverse of a step forward.

Now a lack of serious purpose is not by any means the same thing as an absence of taste; the one is all a matter of intellectual faculty, social responsibility, an imagination for moral complexities and creative intuition, and the other is, at bottom, the unarguable issue of sensibility. We have no right to expect

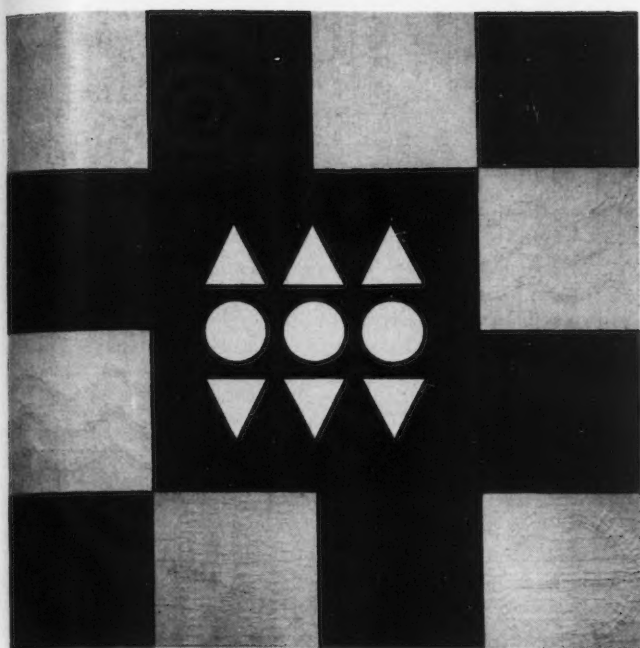
an unflinching combination of mind and taste in our museum directors, for this is an amalgam that goes by the name of genius, and we know well enough to look for that rare substance elsewhere. Genius, after all, is not a function of bureaucracy. And yet, with all due allowances, it is difficult to see how a museum committed to living art can function for very long in the clear absence of *both*. The only thing that could save the Whitney from the pall of its own dreadful quarters would be some brilliant demonstration of intellectual audacity: an elucidation of at least one single living artistic issue in so lucid and definitive a fashion as to leave our whole sense of what is going on irrevocably clarified. Just to name such a possibility, however, is to measure the Whitney's present distance from it. A bold assertion of mind is the last thing anyone expects from Mr. Goodrich and his colleagues; at this stage in museum affairs, one despairs of even finding a little old-fashioned common sense.

To be specific: there are two painters in the "Young America 1960" exhibition whose relation to each other, to current painting in general and to the cultural scene at large has been so hopelessly muddled at the Whitney that each stands a good chance of being permanently damaged as a result. Moreover, the art scene itself is damaged, often irrevocably, by precisely the kind of failures—of mind, taste and plain good sense—which may all be seen to operate in this particular case.

The two painters are Miss Joan Brown, age twenty-two, of San Francisco, and Miss Sonia Gechtoff, age thirty-four, of New York. Miss Brown is represented by four large paintings—the smallest is 58½" x 61½", and two of them are 69" x 69"—which occupy a place of honor (or at least prominence) in one of the main galleries. Miss Gechtoff, off in one of the side galleries, is represented by three works. One of them, measuring 76" x 102", is in the current vein of pictures which may be said to be too large for their own good; the others are smaller. It is no denigration of Miss Brown's gifts, which are considerable, if one says plainly that she remains a student who has yet to discover her own artistic identity. Her work is student work. Miss Gechtoff, on the other hand, is a mature (if confused) painter. She may be in the grip of an impossible and self-defeating aspiration, and she has not yet produced anything that could be called a masterpiece or even an unclouded statement of her own intentions, but she brings to her work a kind of committed, complex sensibility that one recognizes as a form of artistic seriousness and not just another instance of stylistic role-playing. Her art strikes one as having an urgent relation to her experience, not merely to other paintings, and it is this, after all, which separates the artist from the student, who, lacking the means for effecting a significant equation between the artistic medium and the import of personal experience, inevitably falls back on a mere ventriloquism of existing styles. And yet, notwithstanding this distinction, things have been so arranged at the Whitney that Miss Brown comes off looking like something (exactly what, I shall say in a moment), whereas Miss Gechtoff conveys an impression both confused and confusing.

Miss Gechtoff is also showing her new paintings at the Poin-dexter Gallery this month (October 10–29), and this exhibition is perhaps a factor (though it can scarcely be an excuse) for the way things have turned out at the Whitney. All Miss Gechtoff's best work, along with some that can only be described as indifferent, is to be seen at Poin-dexter's, and one comes away from the show with a very vivid sense of the direction in which her art is moving. Since it is precisely the fault of the Whitney show that one can't make sense of anything from it, this direction must be clarified if my point here is to be understood.

Miss Gechtoff is, in my view, a rather old-fashioned Expressionist for, whom the work of Clyfford Still has been a crucial



George Ortman, *Tales of Love*;
at Whitney Museum.

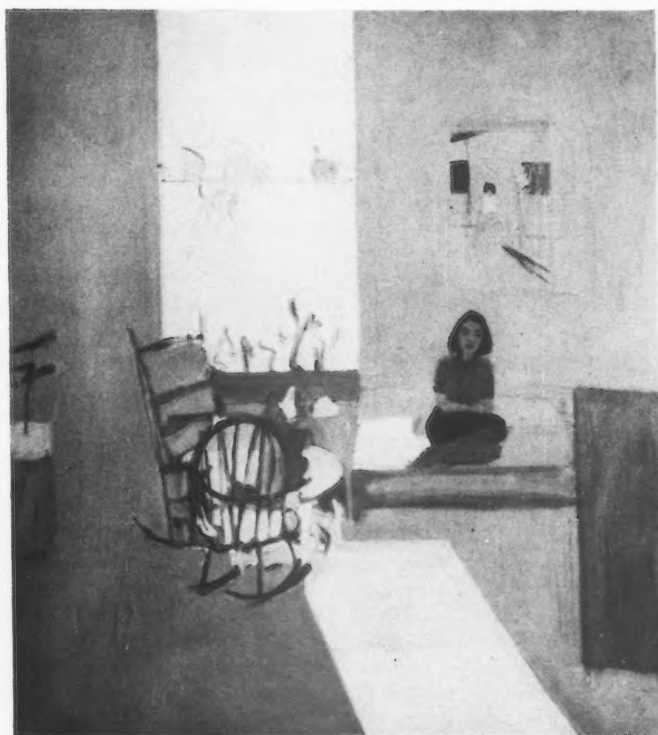
and in some ways a shattering influence. Still's rather cool elementalism acts as a brake on her own expressive proclivities, which, being florid and passionate and utterly choked with feeling, strike one as actually the very opposite of Still's in quality. Everything about the emotional and intellectual range of Miss Gechtoff's work leads one to expect of her the kind of powerful Expressionist tours de force, complete with symbols, multiple levels of meaning and an overflow of plastic extravagance, which the Expressionist generation of Northern Europe, taking its cue from Van Gogh, proliferated with such resounding force. The moral pressure which Still's painting exerts on her art closes off, it seems to me, the arena in which Miss Gechtoff could fully realize what she has set out to achieve. She has thus placed herself in the difficult posture—and it was this I had in mind when I spoke of her self-defeating aspiration—of attempting to create a style that commands all the human complexities of a figurative and symbolical Expressionism while adhering very strictly to the abstract mode.

Inevitably, her painting has struck many New Yorkers as simply another example of second-generation Abstract Expressionism gone haywire when in reality it is something quite different. (In San Francisco, against the backdrop of Still's moral and stylistic influence, it appears to be something else.) Miss Gechtoff is in the unenviable position of having her art despised—or at least misunderstood—by the partisans of figurative painting as well as the hotshot practitioners of the "Action" school since both sense that she is doing something removed from their particular purloins and therefore eye her intentions with suspicion and contempt.

For myself, I think Miss Gechtoff comes closest to realizing her ambition in the smaller, untitled paintings now on view at Poindexter's. Their scale seems right for the particular vein of pictorial drama she is essaying; they seem more thoroughly made, more in the nature of completed statements and less like mere assertions. In the very largest pictures there is a fatal discrepancy between the heavy, at times clamorous orchestra-



Sonia Gechtoff, *Untitled*;
at Poindexter Gallery.



Alex Katz, *Ten O'Clock*;
at Whitney Museum.

MONTH IN REVIEW

tion and the banality of the theme. There is a Wagnerian noise in these large paintings that is unsupported by any visible pictorial material of equal weight and intensity. In this respect the small paintings are far better equilibrated. If it was the intention of the men at the Whitney to elucidate what is, after all, an interesting attempt at a difficult problem, then it was surely a selection of the small paintings that should have been placed on view there.

Miss Gechtoff is not quite alone, however, in the problem she has set for herself and which I have tried to sketch out here. A far more successful attack on it—assuming for the moment that the problem is susceptible to a solution in terms Miss Gechtoff envisages, which I am not really convinced of—has been made by Mr. Frank Lobdell. This is not the place to speak at length of Mr. Lobdell, who is a distinguished painter and teacher in San Francisco, but his name must be entered here if my point about the Whitney's muddle is to be completely clear. Another writer spoke in these pages recently of Mr. Lobdell's affinities with Rouault, and I would myself agree that his work stands to an art like Rothko's, say, very much as Rouault's stood to Cubism. Like Miss Gechtoff, Mr. Lobdell too paints under the moral shadow of Clyfford Still, and like her—though with greater success, picture for picture—he aspires to a symbolic vision which might contain the fullest measure of human complexity that painting is capable of while remaining wholly abstract. Mr. Lobdell has achieved a style which undoubtedly falls short of his own aspirations but which is nonetheless—and despite a ponderous and unsmiling didacticism—a brilliant and manly attempt to broach one of the principal questions left unanswered by the historical plunge of the modern movement.

So far as I know, Mr. Lobdell has not been shown at the Whitney. In his stead Miss Brown has been permitted to show four pictures that represent a thoroughly garbled (but altogether slick) account of his ideas together with other ideas which make up a freehand newsreel of current events in San Francisco painting. Miss Brown gives us a quick report on the "look" of Mr. Lobdell's style, reducing it to absurdity as she goes, and since she is gifted and energetic and untroubled by any personal statement of her own, she has been able to make her work seem "bigger" and more coherent than the far more serious art of a painter like Miss Gechtoff. Can one feel anything but contempt for a museum that has approached its basic obligations in so cavalier a fashion?

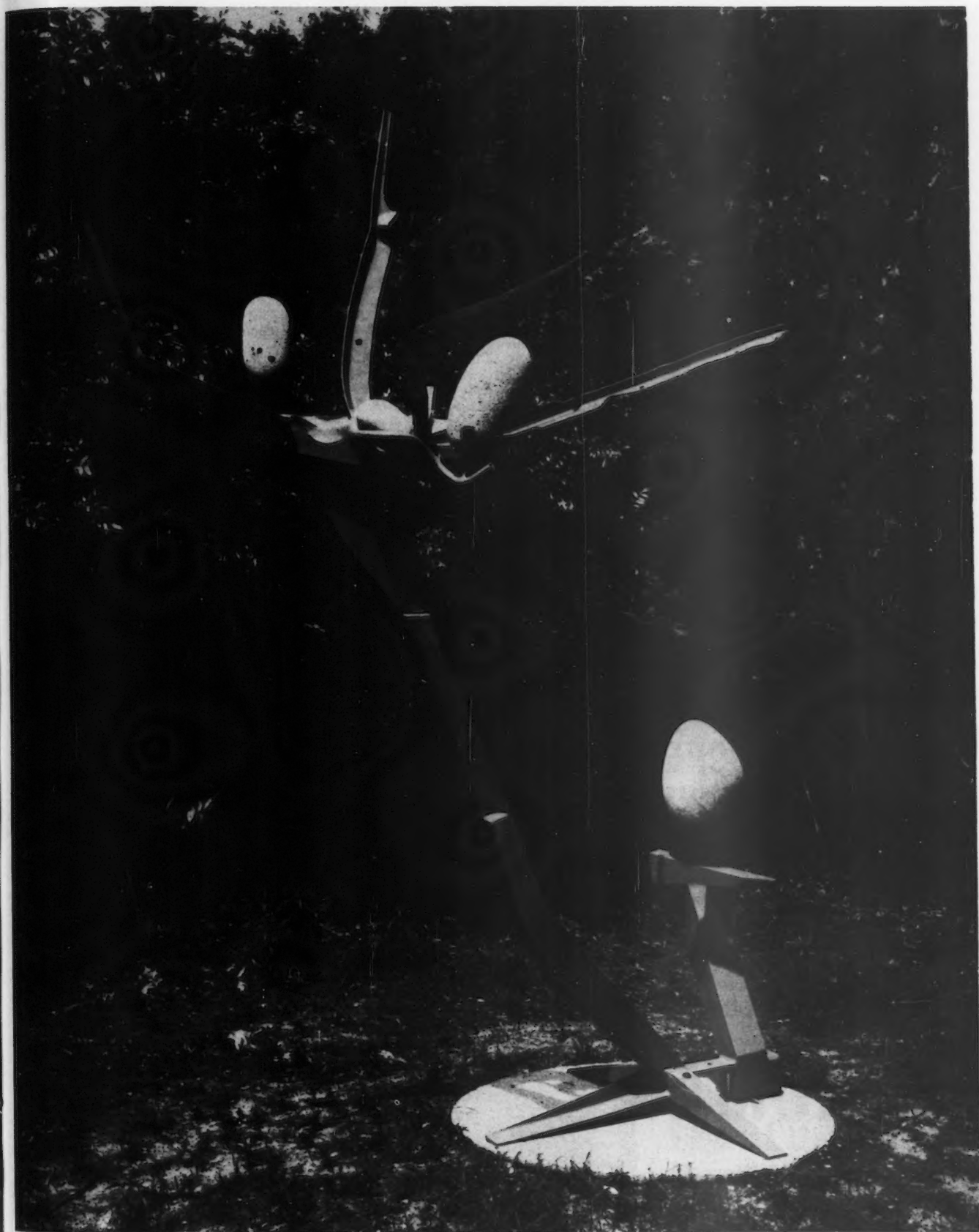
There is only one artist in the "Young America 1960" exhibition who is both well represented and proves equal to a museum showing: that is Mr. George Ortman. His three sizable collage-paintings have a marvelous lucidity, combining elements of the pure and the mysterious in equal portions. Mr. Ortman is the only collagist on the current scene whose pictorial intuitions seem at once coolly rational and highly poetic. If he is in any sense a neo-Dadaist, then he is a new breed: a Dadaist who believes in reason. Two other painters—Edward Giobbi and Alex Katz—each show one fine picture, quite the best I have ever seen by either: Giobbi's *The Voyage* and Katz's *Ten O'Clock*. But the other work shown here is inferior and diminishes one's impression of their capacities. One feels, finally, that "Young America 1960" completely fails to justify itself as a museum event, notwithstanding the incidental rewards mentioned here; that it is another of those shows, which seem to be on the increase everywhere, that fill a gap not in our understanding of art but only in the minds of the men who have organized it.

THE exhibition of new sculpture by Wilfrid M. Zogbaum at the Staempfli Gallery (September 27–October 15) is a major event and a surprise. Mr. Zogbaum is already established here as a

painter, but nothing in his previous work can have prepared us for the mastery that he has brought to the art of sculpture, seemingly at one stroke. The ample and commodious galleries at Staempfli's are filled with a large body of work, all of it from the last year or two and all of it marked with the workmanship and the authority of an artist whom one would guess to have been practicing this art for a lifetime. Not every piece is original, but there is none that is less than perfectly made. It is breath-taking to see something so difficult done so well.


Mr. Zogbaum works for the most part in the open-form, welded-metal medium, whose greatest master in this country is David Smith. One feels the precedent and the artistic level of Smith's sculpture most emphatically in this exhibition, but as a standard to be met and transcended rather than imitated. Indeed, Mr. Zogbaum is perhaps the only artist I have seen who has clearly perceived the challenge of Smith's achievement and has not, as a consequence, settled for the eccentric or the second-rate; he has evidently intended to come in at Smith's level, which is the level of a major, fully achieved contemporary style. In my view, he has succeeded brilliantly.

Moreover, there is a range of ideas in Mr. Zogbaum's sculpture which, again, marks him as being the opposite of a novice in this medium. Two of the largest and latest works in the exhibition—*Cartwright Shoal* and *Endeavor Shoal* (the latter, 101 inches high)—are entirely original, and take their place at once among the permanent glories of American art. They are composed of stone and painted steel (there is also an aluminum form in the second work) which are brought together in a powerful and surprisingly harmonious imagery—surprisingly, because Mr. Zogbaum succeeds where others have failed in making a meaningful expression out of the combined use of those beautiful, naturally formed small boulders which have struck the eye of many a beachcomber as exquisite sculptural masses and a consciously deliberated constructionism of welded steel. Mr. Zogbaum succeeds in this (it has often been tried before, in one combination or another) because he is not only an excellent constructor and designer but a forceful image-maker. He has grasped the point straightaway that, for all their beauty and clarity of form, those lovely stone masses remain merely *objets trouvés* of the seashore—suggestive of, but not actually sculptures themselves—until the moment they can be made to enter into the conception of an image that will lift them onto a higher plane of expressivity. Many artists who have tried to exploit the beauty of these stones have been put off—*demoralized* may be a better word—by their very exquisiteness, and ended by being slaves to a product of nature. Understandably, they despaired of ever improving on something that seemed so perfect, and there were always the examples of Arp and Brancusi, who gave them eyes to see these stones in the first place, to make their despair seem a kind of virtue. Mr. Zogbaum has approached the matter in an entirely different spirit. He perceives that the development of open-form welding provides a new means for dealing with the visual and plastic weight of these natural masses. At the same time, he sees in this very weight and density a sculptural strength that can be added to the expressive possibilities of the open-form medium itself. The result is an art that is almost classical in its balance and grace and plastic equanimity. Being a superb craftsman, Mr. Zogbaum has quite matched the perfection of nature with a technical perfection of his own. He is an accomplished draftsman and achieves a unity of line and mass which is rare even among the finest sculptors of the past. He has been able to do this (I do not hesitate to repeat) because he is above all an image-maker who has mastered some very difficult techniques and overcome some hard conventions in order to create a poetry that is all his own.



Wilfrid Zogbaum, *Cartwright Shoal* (1960), painted steel and stones, 100" high; at Staempfli Gallery.

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Margaret Breuning:

An *élan* in Adolf Dehn's water colors
... James Harvey's delicacy in violence
... Donald Louthian's "nothing too much" ... water color as mastered by Sylvia Bernstein ... an inner meaning in Dorothy Gillespie's work ...

ADOLF DEHN has been painting water colors long enough to establish a reputation for proficiency in this medium. In his present showing it is not only his skillful handling that is notable, but a quality of freshness that one usually associates with a novice's aesthetic reaction to a new medium. This pleasing *élan* makes itself felt in all his work—not a bravura, but an obvious delight in things seen and in their rendering. In his paintings there is always a careful notation of the important elements of the design with an enhancement of color and light planes. This work displays a wide range of interest, drawn from India, Europe, the West Indies and the American countryside. *White Connecticut*, a winter scene, shows heavy massing of snow clinging to the contours of the mountains, suggesting a contrast between their monumentality and the impermanence of their covering. Two views of *Perugia* show on the crest of a mountain the modest buildings of a library, as well as the cathedral, with views of the beautiful Italian countryside sloping away from the heights. The Asian paintings are principally concerned with the ritualistic figures of attendants of a Brahman bull; this imposing creature with polished horns and glistening coat seems to accept the adoration lethargically. All these Indian subjects are carried out in casein, a medium that in many hands produces uninteresting areas of vapid, milky white, or crass violence of color, but here brings richness of texture both to the robes of the gaily clad figures and the animal's glossy coat. Other interesting

subjects—Afghanistan, and Antigua, an island of the Leeward group—display the artist's ability to seize the *genius loci* of widely disparate themes. (Milch, Oct. 10-29.)

JAMES HARVEY's paintings seem to fill an exhibition gallery with an array of enormous canvases on which a variety of heavy impasto designs appear to writhe in an ecstasy of violent movement. On some of the canvases the forms seem to be carved out of the pigment in sculptural effects; yet, in spite of the violent manipulation of these paintings, they are sometimes delicate in their interpolation of cool colors contrasting with the dark, jagged planes around them. *The Entrance* shows a pit of inner darkness, its horrendous suggestions somewhat enlivened by interwoven color planes about the dark focal depths. It possesses, as do practically all the paintings, areas of incandescent whites that set off the brilliant color and the coruscating ebony planes. *Halys River* is a dashing turbulence of water, rushing down abruptly in the atonal cadences that appear on all these canvases. The long horizontal panel, *Source*, carried out in grays, greens and blues, does, however, include two curving, antiphonal forms, which are a surprising variation upon the usual linear detail of the paintings. If one looks closely, small figures detach themselves from the maelstrom of planes, a fact which does not refute the mystery of the paintings' significance, but intensifies their cabalistic suggestions. (Graham, Oct. 4-28.)

PAINTINGS by Donald Louthian reveal his intent vision on his enviroing world, as well as his skill, through varied phrasing, to obtain the impress of his sensitive reactions to visual experiences. In these works of a young contemporary artist, one recognizes at times the influences of "masters" of the modern movement, but it is his development of a personal idiom of pictorial language that makes the strongest impression: omissions of detail appear as important as the inclusions—in accord with the old admonition of "nothing too much." In *Dust Storm*, this aesthetic conviction is exemplified not only by the simplified, cogent design, but also by Louthian's ability



Adolf Dehn, *Old Walls: Antigua*; at Milch Gallery.



Sylvia Bernstein, *From Drifted Seed*; at White Gallery.

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October 1960



Dorothy Gillespie, *Forgotten Past*;
at Barzansky Gallery.

to make line, form and color all contribute to a concentrated presentment of his theme. This painting shows a dark sky lowering over arid wastes and clumps of desiccated foliage, invaded by a whirling, palpable dust storm. With no stressing of this tragedy of natural forces, sincere, simple statement produces a powerful effect. Other landscapes of quite different themes, carried out with the same perceptiveness of design to content, include *Snowscape*, with its suggestion of earth masses beneath the snowy mantle; *Autumn Fields*, a pageant of lovely color; and the touch of poetry in *Landscape Images*, *City at Night* or *Nature Themes*—all deriving their felicity from deliberate purpose rather than happy accident. (Barzansky, Oct. 3-15.)

WATER COLORS by Sylvia Bernstein affirm the artist's nice appreciation of the medium, in both its capabilities and its limitations; her papers are not mere colored drawings, nor would-be oils. The range of subjects is not wide, but invention as well as imagination lends diversity to her work. *Woodland Stream* presents but a flux of limpid water, yet holds reflections of the greenery above and around it. In *Beach Seas*, showing a crash of surf on the shore, a crest of white breaks from the curling wave below it, which is rich in tonal variations from the diffusion of slanting light. An upright paper, *From Drifted Seed*, displays a pyramidal gathering of the glossy tufts of milkweed. In *Picnic*, a group of figures are gathered in a shady refuge beneath great trees, which seem to rise from the shadowed depths to reach the light, dwarfing the figures beneath them in contrast. A still life of wine and fruits possesses palpable textures of fruit and pale translucency of wine. Its almost casual arrangement recalls the simplified still-life paintings by Zurbarán. (Ruth White, Oct. 4-22.)

DOROTHY GILLESPIE's sweeping strokes and the varied substance and texture of forms on her large canvases, in spite of the unusual juxtapositions of irregular shapes and their staccato movement, often seem to express the inner meanings that their titles imply. An example of such relevance is *Past Season*, its rich autumnal hues varied by subtle touches of cooler notes that appear to encroach on this gaiety and mark its waning. *Desert Journey* is carried out in close-valued low tones that present its heaped-up aridity of sandy wastes, from which the suns have eaten up all color and reduced the world to a blanched monochrome. Or again, the pallid blues of *Forgotten Past* certainly suggest the vagueness of memory. There are others, appealing for their abrupt and unexpected relations of line and form, which call us "for to see and to admire" but do not reveal hidden significance to the casual viewer. (Barzansky, Oct. 17-29.)

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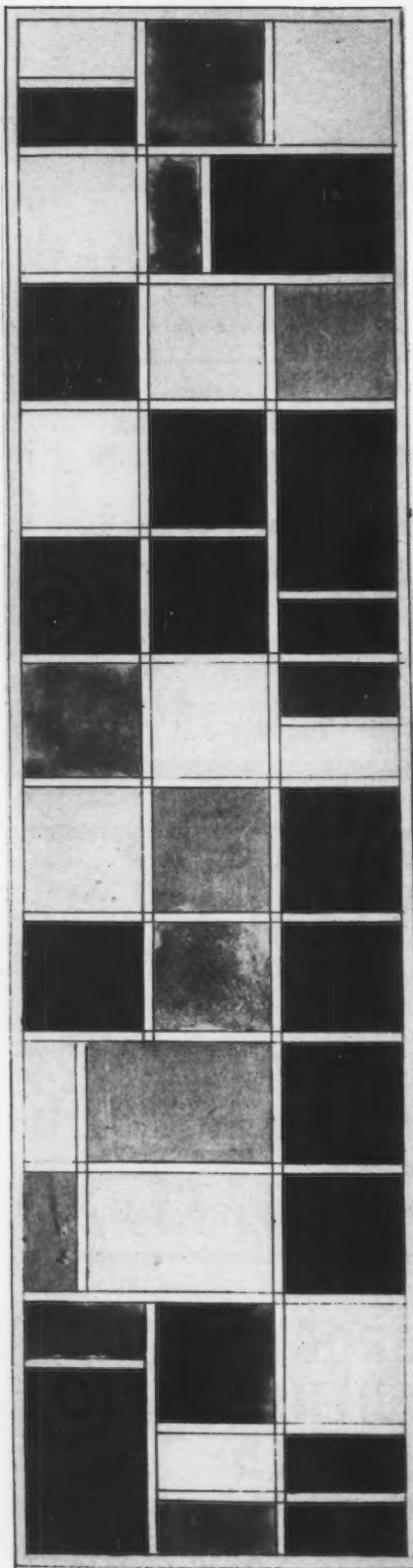
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IN THE GALLERIES



Sophie Taeuber-Arp,
Design for Aubette Stained-Glass Window;
at Galerie Chalette.

Jean Arp, Sophie Taeuber-Arp: In an age that has discovered the poetry of science and the science of art and seen its creative principle divide down the center into expressionistic and structural extremes, the Arps are a lesson in the fundamental conjugality of opposites. This is true in both a literal sense, for they were husband and wife (Taeuber-Arp died in 1943) and in an artistic sense, for at points in their individual careers they collaborated successfully. Arp himself, the more original and more humorous of the two, has far the greater reputation, but until one can study them side by side, as in this informative exhibition, sensing the checks and balances that must have characterized their life together, one cannot understand the profound collaboration that permeated their attitudes even as they developed in seemingly opposite directions.

Arp's vitalism has quickened that most corruptible of all modern visual symbols—the free form. One barely needs to be reminded of the visceral elegance of his sculpture and low reliefs, characteristic works of which are somewhat discursively assembled here in a group which begins with the gently balanced *Metamorphosis* of 1935. In this simple, ductile shape, roughly pear-shaped, resides all the organic affluence of his style to which titular words like "concretion," "vegetal," "bud," etc., point more the way to their genesis than their content. It is then easy to empathize with the formative principle of such pieces as *Entwined Concretion* (1938), in which two identical serpentine forms in bronze are linked like a chain puzzle—an idea he repeated in *Blason Végétal*, a much later low-relief construction in wood. A number of smaller, more figurative pieces, concretions all, and a pair of painted cut-out reliefs (with such characteristic titles as *Meeting in the Egg*, a sensuous green omelette with two yolks) are included in this selection, which carries down to the present and to the almost ideographic shapes which were shown in Paris this summer. Here Arp has employed frontality to the extent of confusing sculpture with the cut-out relief.

Sophie Taeuber-Arp's work is comparatively hard to come by, and this selection does not entirely do her justice. It only intimates how the Neo-Plastic spirit lingered in her work long after she had radically altered its appearance, particularly with the circle and a compass-derived arabesque. She moved rather quickly from a model of the checkerboardish design for the Café L'Aubette in Strasbourg, decorated collaboratively with Arp and Van Doesburg in 1926 but destroyed after the war, to momentous compositions after the tendency of Van Doesburg, whose diagonals drew the disapproval of Mondrian. There is some unexciting research in spatial ambiguity in a painting of 1938, and also a pair of dot-dash compositions in white relief on black that show the pleasure of seemingly determined composition. None of the *Duo-Collages* of 1918, jointly conceived with her husband, are shown, but of three later collaborative efforts, the *Duo-Peinture* of 1939, with its translucent free form secured in a field of gray planes, is the most provocative. The nine bronze reliefs in which the solid arcs are thrown off by circles strategically intersected by engraved lines were executed by Arp recently from drawings made by his wife shortly before she died. Similarly, her tapestries are newly made from the original cartoons.

Despite the determined aspect of her style, Taeuber-Arp depended as much on chance as her husband. Her efforts to appear otherwise probably account for the absence of a leavening sense of humor in her style. Her purity is more seeming than real, for the disposition of her limited for-

mal vocabulary constitutes an appeal to order that is partly satisfied by the ritual of placement, a value independent of the pictorial system. Conversely, Arp's vitalism resides within a comparably narrow range of probability, suggesting that his prescriptions, though less evident and undismayed by the accidental, were as functional as his wife's. They both played the same game of purity, achieving outward identities according to a different understanding of the same fundamental limitation. In this respect the alleged antagonism between classicism and romanticism in modern art is virtually meaningless. (Chalette, Oct. 1-31.)—S.T.

Raymond Rocklin, Glen Michaels: Rocklin's sculpture grows by a sort of chain reaction, re-creating space in terms of analogous surfaces—and the more the better. On the principle of one curve feeding another, Rocklin's sheet-brass wall sculptures fan outward like a tumbled stack of pie plates, ranked centrifugally to create cornucopias of space. Equally self-propagating are the "growths" of molten bronze which compound organically like stalagmites, trading the constructive principle for one more expressionistic; yet all of his works are informed by this spirit of progression, even stoneware pieces in which some unseen twisting action convolutes every inch of surface into fantastic coils of movement. What is lacking is a conclusion beyond the mere limits of his idea. Michaels builds mosaics out of unlikely material—wood, smooth stones, old keys. The patterns are abstractly handsome in a geological sort of a way, using their novel medium to brighten what is by now a convention of taste. (Schaefer, Oct. 3-22.)—S.T.

Tadeusz Kantor: When an artist appears to be using other people's ideas there are two possible explanations. He is either borrowing directly the most superficial elements of style, or through similar source of experience has seen the same facets of life. The latter seems true of Kantor. His paintings show few innovations and suggest a lot of well-known styles from Pollock to De Staël, but the way they are used implies a somehow similar cultural and personal background and an equally sensitive nature. Kantor is a Polish artist, now in Paris and having his first show in America. It covers the work of two years—1958 in Krakow and 1959 in Paris. The earlier canvases are expressions of a man living in a country repeatedly swept by war and oppression. Abstract colors vibrate behind a foreground of free and explosive black drips. But the colors are subdued, and even the swirling lines are somewhat restrained. The result, considering the dynamic execution, is sober and wise, like the humble Rouault. A slight change in mood reflects the new Parisian climate. The colors are brighter and the lines economical and integrated. The idea is more toward pleasing the eye, and the fine control of paint is emphasized in washes, scraping, drips and some very thick textures. The deep restraint in the earlier pictures now acts against a possible tendency to exhibit facility. We are left with the impression that this man has been around. He knows what is serious and he knows what is happy, and he knows painting. (Saidenberg, Oct. 4-29.)—L.S.

Ben Johnson: These recent paintings of Johnson's are continuous with those he showed last autumn. The naked female figure is carefully delineated, and the areas of the body and background are filled in with smooth areas of paint. These can be either all of one color, or show gradual modulations of color to indicate volume, or present an abrupt change of color, as in the stri-

dent orange leg of one of the figures in *Pastorale*. The features are clearly delineated too, and the hair of the head and the body are as contained as far trimming on a cloth coat. Johnson seems to have settled, presently, for this way of painting the figure; mentioning Matisse and Japanese wood-block prints might help to visualize the paintings. His colors are possibly more subtle now, and more variable. Some of the figure groups are in a landscape, rather than an interior, and Johnson can abandon the high oranges, blues, greens and reds in which he likes to place a black-lined white figure, for gentle blues and greens of a spring landscape that contains rosy figures, as in *Bathers in the Rubicon*. His present main interest, however, seems to be in placement. *White on White* shows a figure seated in the lower left of the canvas; it is generally white, and so is the ground beyond it, except for a stroke of red in the upper right corner. In the *Rubicon* painting, the figures are back to back, one almost full length, and the other a torso. *La Coquette* is a heap of haunches, breast, lips and hair, a reclining nude seen feet foremost. Johnson's art, once the immediate impact of the very naked figures is assimilated, is essentially one of design. The suggestive force of the naked figures in sensuous poses is to some extent nullified by this emphasis, in a way that is not true, for instance, of Klimt's nudes, whose meanings are enforced by the wealth of surrounding detail that reciprocates their erotic force in a great wave. There is one painting, however, in which the emphasis is thrown off balance; this is *Pink Towel*. Here the figure is seen sideways, bending toward the towel she holds in her hands. The ground around her and the towel itself are heavily stroked, and this use of the paint introduces the element that interestingly confuses the elsewhere separate clarities of line, shape and color. The figure seems to be about to enter the atmosphere, which is continuous with the towel, to dry herself in all of it. So it assumes an interesting life of its own—it could be a particular moment in a particular life—and we have the figure more as subject than as part of a painting; at the same time the painting is no less rigorously put together. This is, as a matter of fact, the latest painting in the show. Standing somewhat apart from the full-figure paintings is a small self-portrait. The artist shows a countenance that is handsomely arrogant, with a great wrinkled dome of a forehead rising above patiently skeptical eyes. (Cober, Oct. 18-Nov. 5.)—A.V.

Julius Hatofsky: The paintings are good and the ideas implied engaging: the world is continuously, turbulently and densely alive, with a fecund energy immanent in everything, matter included, such as the convulsed strata and topography which the paintings resemble. They are an immense hypo-statement of life in the material universe, from a pragmatic point of view, or an absolute intuition of duration and the *élan vital*, according to Bergson, who probably would have been delighted with these. "... we approach a duration which strains, contracts, and intensifies itself more and more; at the limit would be eternity. . . . Duration is the continuous progress of the past which gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances." Even Bergson's imagery is like Hatofsky's, which provides a good example of a valid imagery, one detailed and very much of the rich texture of the paint, large and thoroughly part of the main forms, and oblique enough to suggest numerous natural forms—the earth, animals, waves—without banally assuming or expressing one. Most of the works have wide undulating depths of black edged with white and gray and brief passages of yellow ochre or clear reds, yellows and blues. A major problem is to keep the white crests from separating from the black areas; this occurs in several smaller works (e.g., *Raven I*) and one of the larger ones, *Black VIII*, which has a vaguely cross-shaped black in the lower half more or less

outlined in white which jumps. The flurry of receding strokes at the top is haphazard. The shallow recession and the value of the whites and grays are impressively controlled in the two largest paintings, the *Northwest I* and *II*. In *I*, a nearly diagonal central wave and two somewhat horizontal ones are mutually definitive. The value of the two lower edges is subordinated to the white of the upper one, creating a continuous space or interrupted plane, a totality which is very convincing; it makes the chaos serene. (Egan, Oct. 10-Nov. 5.)—D.J.

Fifth Hallmark Awards: The Hallmark competition, no longer limited to season and subject, is something of a little Venice Biennale this year, with the works of fifty-seven painters of twenty American and European countries competing for six awards totaling \$6,000. The show's subtitle, "The Question of the Future," is presumably answered by the selection of what are described as "painters of promise." Twenty-five of these are from the United States alone, representing a complete age and stylistic gamut from Jack Youngerman to Joseph Solman. Since almost without exception the Americans of promise are hardly unknowns, it was explained, quite significantly, that "painters of promise" is intended to indicate only that the odds seem at least a little in favor of greater esteem lying ahead." To name a few: Elmer Bischoff (who won a Ford Grant last year), Leland Bell, Nell Blaine, Leon Hartl, Earl Kerkam, Landes Lewitin, Fairfield Porter and Herman Rose. The American group was chosen by Dr. Alfred Frankfurter (also chairman of the international selection), Jermaine MacAgy and Thomas B. Hess, and they have chosen an array of distinguished painters, representational for the most part, who have indeed been eclipsed by the boom in abstract art. Yet the show is stolen by an exhilarating abstract painting by Belgium's Pierre Alechinsky (see report on the Biennale, this issue), who has successfully sublimated Ensor's sense of the grotesque in vigorous but controlled arabesques. The Europeans, by contrast with the American group, seem far more smitten with abstraction. France lists among its six entries the aging Serge Charchoune, and Italy's three younger painters are way out there. England finds a middle ground in Ivon Hitchens' planes and movements abstracted from landscapes. Finland, Iceland, Greece and Norway are already completely at home in this international company. (Wildenstein, Oct. 4-29.)—S.T.

Bernardino Luini: Berenson's judgment was that Luini is always gentle, sweet and attractive, but "the least intellectual of famous painters." He had been fatally influenced by Leonardo, during that master's stay in Milan, and, like most of such followers, lacking the genius, had converted the strange sweetness of Leonardo's figures into agreeable prettiness. The present exhibition of Luini features the predella from the altarpiece of the Torriani Chapel—the story of the martyrdom of Saints Sisinnius, Martyrius and Alexander—and two of the side panels representing Saints Catherine and Alexander. There is little of Leonardo to be seen in these exhibits; the grander style was saved perhaps for the large central panel of the Madonna. But the little predella forms a narrative of considerable and untroubled charm. The three friends meet and make their vows beside a placid river on the bank opposite a misty city. They are ordained. They are hunted down in a forest of prim trees and martyred. There is no anger, vigor, irony to the story. It all happens as if in a pleasant dream in the most charming landscapes with a warm, ripe light and an air of unbelievable calm. (Duveen, Oct. 1-29.)—J.R.M.

Edward Giobbi: With more artistry than art, Giobbi's drawings and sculptures appraise the human condition, which, if it is already something



Ben Johnson, *Pink Towel*; at Cober Gallery.



Julius Hatofsky, *Northwest II*; at Egan Gallery.



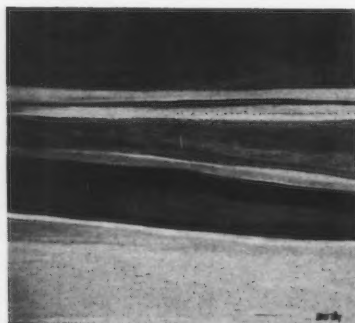
Pierre Alechinsky, *Homage to Ensor*; at Wildenstein Galleries.



Luini, *Vow of the Three Friends*; at Duveen Galleries.



John Graham, *Woman with Clear Eyes*; at Gallery Mayer.



Robert Kiley, *Painting 60-5*; at Meltzer Gallery.



Ernest Briggs, *No. 2*; at Wise Gallery.



Mark di Suvero, *Che Faro senza Euridice*; at Green Gallery.

of an Existentialist cliché, fits Giobbi's rather affected style like a glove. In a vision more Baskinesque than Kafkaesque, Giobbi's figures gradually lose their corporeality as the drawing descends below the waist into white space, where the resulting vignette provokes a sense of isolated enclosure. He works with charcoal and wash on canvas sized with probably a Japanese paper, coaxing just enough detail from the shadows to set the mood. Still lifes are reduced to brambly, abstract designs, while faces are glazed into a uniform stupor. Less afflicted by this mindless generalizing on existence are the bronze reliefs of bathers, figure studies and the anguished personalities in the Stygian pool, but here too the features have been all but rubbed out or blocked out from convention rather than necessity. Giobbi's Neo-Romanticism is but a sentimentalizing on tragedy—only compounded by a number of small drawings which appropriate the feel of old-master sketches right down to the aged paper and the masterly brevity of their drawing. (Contemporaries, Sept. 12-Oct. 1.)—S.T.

John Graham: Graham's career is an interesting one. In the thirties he served as a liaison between advanced French art and American artists, and in his writings and conversation influenced such Americans as Gorky, De Kooning and David Smith. He is a cry of history on-stage, so to speak, and in viewing his paintings that cry mingles with their presence. His work is strange—portraits of the ideal and the real idealized. In them we can see the particular way in which he influenced De Kooning. Too ideal to be beautiful women present head and shoulders in courtly dress, their ripe flesh and sweet features at that exact point where decadence begins. Other drawings show the head of what look to be Eastern warriors, mustachioed, with number systems charting the swoops of the mustache and drawing lines of vision out of the eyes. Many of the women are cross-eyed ("All women are cross-eyed," he has said), and the warrior man is too. This is a shady aspect of Graham, perhaps no mystery to the initiated. For those who are not, there is the smooth beauty of a precisely classical line delineating a kind of beauty easily. There is also the sense of one who makes his work serve a purpose not plastic, and in doing so gratuitously throws off as much as we may appreciate. (Mayer, Oct. 11-29.)—A.V.

Robert Kiley: These paintings seem to derive from painted deserts with their bands of space colored by distance. Kiley manages, rather artfully, to suggest a different vista with each painting. The stretch of sandy beige at the bottom pushes upward against bands of olive green, red and yellow, compressing the sky into a strip of darkened purple, or a sky of night-deep grays is lowered against gray-greens pierced by a thin wedge of vivid blue. No vertical restraints break the horizontal calm of these paintings, and their uniformity of design allows, in the best works, the fullest play to the tension between their spatial suggestiveness and the integrity of the surface plane. (Meltzer, Oct. 11-29.)—J.R.M.

Ernest Briggs: The last exhibition of Briggs' work was in the Museum of Modern Art's "Twelve Americans" in 1956. The present show is a considerable change from the previous one of striated, somewhat marbled paintings. These are less novel but more vigorous and possess more potential, since they embody a variety of ideas, although within a constant style having a synthesized, deliberate look. The paint is applied in awkward patches usually separated by a fissure of canvas or light color. The shape and the effect of one color suppressing an insistent interior one are derived from Still. Also much of the color is based on Still's method of using allied colors to sug-

gest degrees of light. Briggs uses red light, medium and deep, and a very light gray, a light gray, a medium gray and black, and yellow ocher and approximately Naples yellow, as well as other colors, in one "all-over" painting. A busy canvas is all that results from multiplying Still so many times. Perhaps back of the separate patches forming frequently opened and variously bent surfaces and structures is an admiration for James Brooks' work. Some of the surfaces coalesce into fairly flat planes, but the majority are unlike Still in this respect. Briggs is greatly concerned with the total structure of each painting and shows laudable inventiveness and variability in this from work to work. One of the least planar, *No. 2*, poises the bulk of the strokes at the top and collapses the bottom with open areas; the whole cascade is well managed. Another kind, a simpler painting, holds the color and the dark areas to the edges; the wide center is a cream-color with its shadows, which intermittently reveals an orange vertical and discloses its curved corner at the top. Briggs is very accomplished, even in the derivations, but he has to subdue the mechanical means. (Wise, Sept. 20-Oct. 15.)—D.J.

Mark di Suvero: The size and force of this sculpture are thunderous. It is constructed of large beams Di Suvero has scavenged from the Fulton Street area—12 x 12's, 4 x 12's, 4 x 8's, running from six or seven feet to ten or twelve feet long. Bolts and pipes hold them together so that the pieces can be dismantled. The organization is decided and subtle, using a partial geometry of interacting parallelograms and triangles, not rigidly, but so as to thrust out of one form to begin another. One corner of *Hankchampion* is a heavy column capped by a horizontal slab; a structure apparently triangular in ground plan builds out from it. But as you go to the right the second point of the triangle is passed before you realize it and the work is abruptly a parallelogram; only one quarter has been circled instead of a third. One side of the parallelogram is shortened sufficiently to allow it to act as the third point of the triangle. All of the beams are canted at an angle and driving upward or downward. *Che Faro senza Euridice* develops up from the ground in short repeated and opposed parts to several lengths of wood held high; the climbing triangular scheme is stressed by a few ropes strung from point to point. *Barrell* moves horizontally from an elevated barrel at one end, through a complicated series of parallelograms verging on trapezoids, to a similarly high panel of planks painted red at the other end. The force is so evident and the structure so much one of oppositions and parallels that the resulting quality is somewhat general. The energy and open complexity are awesome, but there is not any specific and unusual expression that is so—although such power is unusual. Di Suvero is young, in his twenties. (Green, Oct. 18-Nov. 10.)—D.J.

Kyle Morris: In this gallery's spacious quarters, these clean, calculated paintings show to excellent advantage. In the first room, all the canvases are painted in cool harmonies, related variations on a theme: the structural idea of crossed axes on a grayed-white background against which slabs of color, blues and ochered gray are manipulated with taste and control. A suggestion of black, carving through the white, the rough edge of a paint line, all emphasize the over-all statement, which is an abstract one—that is to say, as abstract as Cézanne's water colors. All the canvases are titled by date; most are recent. In some, *May 1960* and *June 1960 A.*, the blues and greens that move in toward the center of the picture seem to fragment, so that the result is almost baroque in intensity. In *September 1960*, a handsome composition of cool colors, the weight is established at the top center of the picture by a broad vertical anchor of rich black; proceeding from this, black

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gray, white, ocher and blue overlap and move out as though toward horizons. Less dramatic in impact but compositionally more turbulent are the series painted in variations of orange, red and black that make up the rest of the exhibition. (Kootz, Sept. 13-Oct. 1.)—H.D.M.

Fourteen Representational Painters: The simple intention of this show is to provide a change from trivial abstract art rather than to survey any new direction. Too motley a collection for that, it also carries over from abstract art the well-entrenched idea of personality, so that we have a variety that apes one of the principal premises of the avant-garde. The centerpiece, by virtue of its size, is a large painting by John Button of children sunning on a fire escape in a mixture of abstract conception and provincial outlook. The issue of representation is far more successfully resolved in Fairfield Porter's intimist reading of a New York street scene, candidly immobilized and caught in an exact glare. Alex Katz's two interiors with figures, one in grays, the other in yellows, are similarly intimate, though the light, obscuring the exact action of the gray painting, concedes to the impulse to abstract. Kerkam's self-portrait of 1930 is almost Monticellian, while the others show varying degrees of withdrawal from straightforward realism. (Herbert, Oct. 3-31.)—S.T.

Modern Italian Masters II: First the war and then the clamorous emergence of abstract art in Italy contrived to push several distinguished Italian realists into the background, from which they have not yet entirely emerged. If among this group Morandi has since become a very justified exception, Tosi, Rosai, De Pisis, Sironi and Campigli make claims that cannot be ignored. They are all more or less contemplative painters, spare in technique but deep in a philosophy of vision that deplores heroics. There is more an interest in what endures. Morandi's two surprisingly (for him) limpid still lifes of 1954 and one of his lesser works of 1921 are addressed to the sort of mysterious constancy which Sironi, a former Futurist, and Campigli symbolize rather obviously with archaisms. Sironi, for instance, paints details as if they were fragments of ruins. Tosi and Rosai are resolutely rural in outlook, while the exciting but uneven De Pisis cleanses his still lifes (dead birds) of fashion with an anarchic economy that is a form of contemplation. Individual examples by De Chirico, Russolo and Severini fill in the historical context of a commendable exhibition. (Heller, Sept. 20-Oct. 15.)—S.T.

Max Schnitzler: It is always interesting to try to assess the importance of luck in the career of an artist, but the work of Schnitzler makes melancholy labor out of such speculation. Born in Austria, he was one of a group of artists who, in the thirties, were shaking the yoke of French influence off American painting, and the measure of their success is demonstrable at any time in most of the galleries. It seems that he worked in the company of such men as Motherwell, De Kooning and the sculptor Lassaw; but, where they were able to claim the Golden Fleece, he fell into a wretched obscurity because of disabling illness. His paintings are indefinitely dated—late thirties, early forties, and the fifties—as his production was punctuated by intermittent hospitalization. The earliest do not seem particularly revolutionary, being composed of organic shapes painted in dry, unattractive pastel colors, having at the same time calligraphic tendencies. These give way to a quite different all-over treatment in a low key, with much smaller, agitated forms. Imposing one's own chronology on this, the largest group of related paintings, the colors progress from dark greens and blues, lit by an occasional metallic yellow, to brilliant oranges and reds. This is a progression accompanied by a clearer organization of the

forms, until they become a continuous pattern. It seems proper to consider the large black and gray work in this group as the climax: by now, the pattern has become a series of sharp passages of black running up and down a leaden ground, making a picture that is striking—both by comparison and on its own. After a long period of inactivity, Schnitzler is now painting again, and, in the two most recent canvases, he returns to the earlier, more turbulent dark forms, which are incised by fierce, short, whitish strokes. Obviously, an awareness of the man's life goes a long way toward investing his work with qualities that it may or may not possess. But since hardly any contemporary painting ventures forth without some kind of interpretive handout from either the artist or his literary pilot-fish, it will do no harm to say that he would have had a place; indeed he may find it yet. (De Aenlle, Sept. 27-Oct. 5.)—V.R.

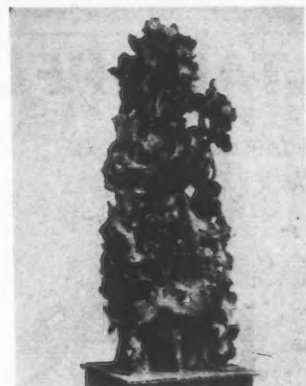
Peter Grippe: The majority of these pieces are labeled automatic images, modeled in terra cotta as exercises in freedom of technique and quickness of execution. They are fashioned, a number of them, on the theme of Mephistopheles, with progressive abstraction of the figure into a fluttering and Baroque image. But the single most impressive piece in the exhibition, *Mephistopheles No. 4*, is a work cast in bronze, its tongue-like shapes wreathing upward and around a hollow core—the figure subsumed in flames. It is a handsome work indeed, the play of its form expertly contrived, its patina, the richest of green corruptions, spreading luster along every extravagant convolution. I believe St. Augustine said, "You have to admit that evil has its fascination." The solid form of that fascination has here been turned out into the play of intricate and brilliant surfaces. (Nordness, Sept. 20-Oct. 8.)—J.R.M.

George McNeil: The bold, generous note of McNeil's recent Abstract Expressionist paintings probably comes at a good time for the "movement," which is very much under attack at the moment. He brings to the style the sort of firmness that is the best answer to the critics, this writer included, without sacrificing any of the painterly prerogatives of the style. He gives us a directed image of force rather than the mindless swaying of instability, pitting a sense of organization against the dispersing power of brushwork that shreds much of the surface into rags and ribbons of tensely bright color. The masses that emerge from the tatters of paint have been fought for, the lurching organization will tip no further, pressed against the tide of color or lashed down by the bolder strokes that monitor the whole. The most representative and perhaps the most successful work is *Noontide*, with its green masses holding their own against the onslaught of cascading whites and oranges and a multitude of fainter tints. McNeil, fifty-two, is included in the Hallmark competition (reviewed in this issue) as a "painter of promise"—in the sense that his recognition is overdue. (Wise, Oct. 18-Nov. 12.)—S.T.

Dusti Bongé: These are complicated and indecisive paintings involving several parts which seem unnecessary to one another. The most interesting element, a simple black configuration, always fills the canvas, suppressing numerous rectangles and adventitious strokes, tones of gray shading into green or burnt sienna, and various scratched and brushed textures. Since the total fails as a synthesis of monolithic imagery and somewhat Cubist space, the shortest way to clarity would seem to require isolating the black structures, such as the crossed reversing curves of one painting, a roughly H-shaped form, which have a certain power in their aspect of being one of an alphabet of forms and an elemental symbol, but which are presently muddled by having to blend, in space and color, with the confusion behind them. (Parsons, Sept. 26-Oct. 15.)—D.J.



Max Schnitzler, *Untitled*;
at De Aenlle Gallery.



Peter Grippe, *Mephistopheles No. 4*;
at Nordness Gallery.



George McNeil, *Luciana*;
at Wise Gallery.



Dusti Bongé, *Stress*;
at Parsons Gallery.

PURE ABSTRACTION

the classic image

josef albers
ilya bolotowsky
robert bucker
giorgio cavallon
nassos daphnis
burgoyne diller
adolph fleischmann
fritz glarner
ellsworth kelly
harold krisel
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IN THE GALLERIES

Tony VEVERS: These are the kind of paintings that stand outside movements, quietly and consistently find homes that hang on to them, and then turn up again in a couple of generations, "discovered" and madly chic. A colossal peace descends, as one meditates on severe New England landscapes, composed simply and with love in scarcely more than two or three colors. Vever's gentle, fuzzy paint conceals a steely sureness of color relationship—he can get so many miles out of burnt bone blacks, browns and grays. His curious, untutored drawing can deliver a figure into the picture with almost alarming directness: note the placing of the two figures on the bed in *Summer Sleep*. Almost any one of these pictures is desirable—even the oddball *Bull and Maidens* in summer colors—but his very best qualities are all there in *Solitary Boatsman*, which is a figure paddling a boat out of the picture, and is really no more than a cunning arrangement of three shapes. Not for an instant should it be thought that he has any primitive tendencies: he knows very well what he is about, and is also an aristocratic colorist, but there are, unquestionably, symptoms of joy in his painting. (Padawer, Oct. 3-29.)—V.R.

Maynard Sandol: A large landscape, *View of Patterson*, exemplifies the curious combination of elements found in the majority of Sandol's paintings. The technique is the old one of opaque lights, grayed blues and greens, and transparent darks, carried further in its tendency to reverse the distant and the near, so that the vista across rocks, past a high cliff rising above the horizon, to the far hills is very flattened. A subtle, infrequent and incisive line augments this effect by seeming to model the space rather than the solids—as the line at the edge of the cliff which models the depth to the hills instead. These methods embody a definite ability for composition and for the creation of a romantic and mystic imagery reminiscent of Redon: in the somewhat coiled group of forms in the center of this painting, one is fan-shaped—a recurrent form of Redon's—around an upright extending from a prowlike area, an erotic image. A few magnified insects and diminutive people fly about the fantasy. Sandol is around thirty, and some paintings, also deft, in a more abstract style (a De Kooning-like Expressionism interspersed with passages creating the older illusionistic space), show that he has not decided on a permanent course. The lineage of the technique of lights and darks is too extended to be permanently useful, but Sandol's inventiveness with it and general good painting sense, as well as the inquisitiveness shown by his abstract paintings, indicate that he may make the fantasy and the quickness stronger and more current. (Castellane, Oct. 5-26.)—D.J.

Grandma Moses: On the occasion of her hundredth birthday, the artist, born Anna Mary Robertson in upstate New York not far from her present home in Eagle Bridge, is honored with an autobiographical retrospective in which her own paintings and words record the eventful and uneventful occasions in her long and busy life. As is indicated by a landscape of 1918, her interest in art antedates by many years her actual assumption of what turned out to be a professional career at the age of seventy-seven. As a primitive, Mrs. Moses is more in a class with the early American folk artists than those modern primitives who have endeared themselves to the avant-garde by their artlessness and fantasy. Mrs. Moses' imagination is limited to her grass roots—very much down to earth and frankly sentimental. Her painting *The Night before Christmas*, done this year, shows Santa Claus, reindeer and all, flying over the roof of a cut-away house. She is best in her straightforward winter scenes, where the variety of whites she can manage supports the notion that it is her color sense that is so evoca-

tive of the rural landscape which she has rarely left. She concludes, "I look back on my life like a good day's work, it was done and I feel satisfied with it." (IBM, Sept. 12-Oct. 6.)—S.T.

Norma Morgan: There is a variety of accomplished work in this exhibition—large figure paintings, etchings and drawings of landscapes and figures, some of them portraits. The landscape etchings and drawings are chiefly impressive; Miss Morgan has worked out an intricate style to describe her favorite sort of land—the barren, rocky heath that Hardy characters are native to. She draws rocks in outlined segments which are filled in with minute dots and lines, at the same time that she catches the wide sweep of these forms in the dark and light patterns. There is a very large painting of such a landscape in which the same technique, transferred to paint, tends to have a more illustrative character, and in which the color is a little too dainty for such an ambitious work. The same might be said of the similarly large figure painting, *Man of Sorrows*. Still, she is a young artist, and the work she presents here that combines such technical high quality and a strongly stated point of view makes the course of her development one of exceptional interest. (Bodley, Sept. 19-Oct. 9.)—A.V.

Elsie Orfuss: One of the most annoying and time-honored ideas used to shore up mediocre nonobjective art is that it is a sort of visual music. Miss Orfuss claims that her work originated in music and contains musical analogies—which is irrelevant, since her nonobjective painting stands up perfectly well without it, as do her portraits. Her style is rather brash—bright swirling shapes, accented with white—but she achieves a hectic kind of unity, which, if anything, resembles foliage. The portraits are the most interesting, because they give her a chance to display a certain delicacy of drawing in among the carelessness, as well as a talent for characterization. But her occasionally insensitive color is disturbing, as in *Ruth and Oved*, where she has given cadmium-red hair to both the woman and the child. One was much taken with her portrait of Milton Avery. (Jewish Museum, Sept. 15-Oct. 30.)—V.R.

Stanley Twardowicz: The latest show by the Long Island artist presents the same colorful washes he has used in the past, now a little more simple and fluid. Sizes are large, and the colors range from a subtle shiny-black on black to some startling contrasts. Broad areas of flowing paint make up the composition, and the most interesting part is the mixing and settling of the oils. Twardowicz probably influences these happenings much more than is apparent, but the kind of beauty presented here is largely the beauty of nature and depends on the evidence of man-work being removed as far as possible. The result is decorative, in a loud, baroque way, and fascinating, in the way that any study of nature can be fascinating. But it is also a typical cultural hybrid in the way it tries to isolate nature and make her presentable and artificial in its apparent removal of the human element. (Peridot, Sept. 26-Oct. 22.)—L.S.

Gene Vass: The artist's first one-man show in New York is of rather standard abstract oils. Those he did last year in Rome are light and delicate. The newer ones done here contain big black areas and are therefore, we might suppose, intended to be a little more forceful. That the paintings show nothing really original is not too important. The weakness of this work is lack of weight and seriousness. The style is an assimilation of most of the New York painting from the last ten years. It is casual and urban, including the "bold simplicity" which now makes up sophistication. The surface of the canvas gets a lot of attention, and the multiple techniques make a rich, decorative thing to look at. Vass obviously knows this aspect

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of painting and has adapted it well to a fuzzy purpose. A small work, *A Bull for Philip*, along with paintings from Rome, comes nearer to a direct statement. (Borgenicht, Oct. 3-22.)—L.S.

Anneli Arms, June Lathrop, Lester Elliot: Three painters, all of them accomplished, state the range of personal variations within the Abstract Expressionist style. Anneli Arms sends broad strokes of earthy color toward central knots of complication, or bursts a white bubble in the midst of browns and blacks, as in *Nightingale*. Lester Elliot works toward a more over-all effect, cloudy passages of greens and yellowish greens touched with purples moving through creamy whites. June Lathrop, the strongest voice in the exhibition, grows rich and exuberant with the full reds and yellows laced with orange of *Kevin's Song*, or develops the slower rhythms of *Memory*, its stained whites picking out thin black linear definitions. (Camino, Sept. 23-Oct. 13)—J.R.M.

Robert Kabak: Thousands of triangles are used to form Kabak's semiabstract landscapes. Brown, green and blue, punctuated by bright yellow glitters, describe night scenes from the Pacific Coast, where the artist recently worked. The colors and flat technique also reveal the carry-over into oil of much casein experience. The simple repetition of shapes lends a modest quality to the pictures in spite of their large size. Two of the best, *Tamapais* and *Canyon at Night*, are like greatly extended Klee's in their subtle, studied construction. The danger of boredom which seems to be inherent in such a narrowly limited style becomes more apparent in the smaller canvases. The repeated triangles have a broken-glass effect, easily degenerating into a very superficial mannerism. (Angeleski, Oct. 10-29.)—L.S.

Hal Lotterman: This painter has studied and taught in the Midwest, where he has exhibited widely. He paints a kind of moody Cubism—roughly rectangular areas of paint in modulated tones of purple, blue, gray, green and alizarin define figures in landscapes or interiors. The effect is as of light filtered through to the floor of a tall forest. The decided verticality of the backgrounds enforces this sense, and the spaciousness of the clearing, so to speak, in which the figure rests in *Alone* can also create a quiet, somber and isolated atmosphere. The generalized figure in this painting is nobly proportioned, with long limbs and torso, and we might speak of a heroic conception of the figure if the hesitant, dry-edged patches of color did not impede it. *Crucified* and *Woman*, in which the color areas flow more surely into each other, approach such a realization. (Salpeter, Sept. 26-Oct. 22.)—A.V.

Lazar Vozarevich: Discovering Picasso's influence in Yugoslavia should be as exciting as finding a Viking burial ship in, say, Newport News, but it doesn't seem to work out that way. Vozarevich is a mosaicist and mural painter, who is on the Museum of Modern Art's list of exotic artists to import very shortly. In the reproductions of the major work of this young artist, a mosaic (?) in a government building in Belgrade, he seems positively eaten up by *Guernica*. But in the pen drawings on show, he combines an acknowledged Neo-Classical influence from The Master, with a decorativeness that has come to be regarded on this side as Eastern European. Folk art and the icon are not far away in several pleasing linear patterns of Madonnas and children, with ornate crowns and robes, and it will be interesting to see if he progresses in this fusion of the two worlds. (Schainin-Stern, Oct. 5-28.)—V.R.

Sophy Regensburg: You could not call this work primitive, yet Miss Regensburg's casein paintings of vegetable still lifes, vases of flowers and antique instruments have a quality that is the chief

interest of primitive paintings: that single-mindedness that can be read as intensity. Much is excluded, but what is there is really burned in. Rather than being themselves primitive, some of the paintings here seem works after earlier primitives, particularly the Flemish. This is true of the still lifes, especially the charming painting and drawing of mushrooms, and the one of a plate of shrimp, and of the handsome dark-background paintings of vases of flowers on patterned cloths. There are paintings of contemporary scenes, in which the background is an acid yellow—a row of fish tails on a stake against a yellow sky; a hammock in a yard, with yellow sky showing beyond an enclosing board fence. In these the colors are cold, and this, combined with the prim, narrow black outlines, a constant mark of her style, makes the atmosphere menacing. (Isaacson, Sept. 25-Oct. 15.)—A.V.

David Aronson: The later of these paintings in encaustic impose a certain tenderness and mystery upon the satirical stylization of the figure which obtains in the earlier *Garden of Eden*, for example, with its leering representations of the human gamboling outside the closed garden (or casket) of Adam and Eve. This psychological enrichment seems also to develop with it a freer and more painterly approach to the figure itself, a quality which makes of *The Magician* and its three smaller variations some of the most striking works in the exhibition. There are, as well, several large charcoal drawings (about six feet high), devoted to the theme of the occult in Jewish lore. The technical finesse of these works, the mellowness of their handling contrasted with the sometimes grotesque distortions of the figures, makes them rather major statements. *The Moon Worshipers*, with its figures pulled upward and floating, suspended by some strange force, is both a powerful and unconsciously disturbing image. It will, I suspect, be gravitating toward some museum. (Nordness, Oct. 11-29.)—J.R.M.

Paul Granlund: It is fairly safe to assume that Granlund has examined Rodin and Degas, and he is talented enough to have extracted much from them; but he has invested his taut, acrobatic figures with a tension that is all his own. While there are some standing male and female figures, he seems most interested in the idea of the crouching female, who is straining to tear herself apart. It is strange that sculpture which could be termed academic can evoke feelings and ideas in the way that is currently attributed only to nonobjective art. Granlund's bronzes convey sensuality, rigidity, nakedness, and a mystical quality, all at once. There is no physical joy here, but now and then one sniffs the faintest trace of Italian softness—perhaps in the way a head is set on a neck—enough, anyway, to make one hope that he doesn't eat the artistic lotus in Italy for too long. (Frumkin, Oct. 1-30.)—V.R.

Evangelos Phoutrides: A West Coast artist returns with a show of bright and loose oil paintings. Phoutrides' experience with murals and his familiarity with Western landscapes have influenced his adaptation of Abstract Expressionism. The tree shapes become all but lost in geometrical elements. The light colors, open areas and rather slapdash application of the paint need this rigid foundation to retain some strength. *Return to the Known* is one of the clearest and best. The fact that all the paintings were done in such a hurry makes the show awfully casual, but a nice feeling for color and shape comes through. (Poor Man's, Sept. 23-Oct. 8.)—L.S.

Donald Fabricant, C. M. Alexander, Bill Earle: Fabricant is conspicuously Cézannesque. Within this context one oil, a still life with resonant purples and vibrant arabesque strokes, and several water colors resembling the Mont Sainte-

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Victoire series are well done. The latter are the more deliberately and densely executed and interestingly strive toward certain formal elements, especially a recurrent oval buried in the short strokes. Some of the oils are thin. Alexander shows a *Resurrected Christ*—a head in brown glazes on white impasto, and groups of three or four figures, painted (but more loosely) like Soyer, and with his array of basic colors, red, blue and yellow ochre. Earle is an erstwhile Dumond student and retains the style. One painting of flowers nicely contrasts their yellow and green with the surrounding gray. It does Alexander and Earle no good to be competent since there are hundreds like them, and quite a few like Fabricant. (Fulton Street, Oct. 1-29.)—D.J.

Frank Stella: There is no occultation in the Castelli gallery this month. It is bright with aluminum paint where the seven large works (six feet or more) of Stella are hung for all to wonder at. At its most profound, the work would seem to do homage to a kind of philosophic nihilism. However, one would prefer to think that it is intended as super interior decoration for a modern gymnasium. The canvases covered with aluminum paint have notches cut into the frames either at the corners or midway between the corners. The one called *Avicenna* has a rectangular hole in the middle and the notches; on all of them a slightly varied pattern of parallel lines appears. The artist says the titles—*Newstead Abbey*, *Union Pacific*, etc.—are specific. (Castelli, Sept. 27-Oct. 16.)—H.D.M.

Anne Post: A *grande dame* of the English stage once publicly deplored the modern respectability of the theater, as opposed to the situation of her youth, when, for example, daughters who became actresses were invariably cut off by their fathers. Occasionally, when viewing paintings, a similar opinion sweeps over one, especially when confronted by "refined" art. The work of Miss Post that was available for review is desperately refined. Squarish figures, absurdly reminiscent of some Pre-Columbian carvings, are subordinated to tasteful designs in pale gouache colors, sanded and varnished. These are accompanied by an equally quiet, eclectic drawing or two. Her examples of wood carving show more signs of life, but the figures emerge very reluctantly from the form of the block. (Crespi, Oct. 5-18.)—V.R.

Lawrence Woodman: This prolific artist is exhibiting only a tiny proportion of his massive output since 1942. A blotted, corpuscular image recurs over and over again, and indeed one comes away with the impression that this was a series of richly colored variations on a single theme, with slight textural variations. Then one recalls the more isolated statements—a yellow blaze, out of which two agitated figures seem gradually to emerge, or a beautiful little pastel of houses with fire escapes, entitled *At Winter's End*. Woodman has led a productive life; perhaps we may look forward to a retrospective show of some of his thousands of water colors. (Adam Ahab, Oct. 17-31.)—V.R.

Paul Harris: Introduced at this gallery two years ago with a show of giant papier-mâché masks, Harris now exhibits large plaster pieces which he calls landscapes, fruits and vegetables and flowers. The uncolored slabs from which grow bulbous shapes are set into the bases by means of rods; *Winter Gladiolas*, a piece in which the rods project out of the base and are topped by mushroom-shaped forms, is graphic and witty. The large relief of cast concrete called *Sleeping Figures* has a gun-metal patina; this and the fact that it lies flat on the floor gives a somewhat mortuary effect. *Man*, perhaps the most successful piece in the show, is a life-sized male figure carved in broad, simple planes. He is anonymous and somnambulist. Along with these major works there are

pieces that reflect a decorator's wit; the papier-mâché store-window dummy seated on a chair is as much of a joke as the fashion legs and skirt of another dummy hung so that it seems to come through the ceiling. A group of excellent drawings complements the sculpture. (Poindexter, Sept. 19-Oct. 8.)—H.D.M.

Apelles Fenosa: The imagery and the changes of condition are Romantic ones, the analogies of Symbolist poetry, in the small bronzes by an elder Parisian sculptor of Spanish origin. The majority of the pieces involve a variant of the Daphne theme coupled with birth and death under the aegis of maternal Nature: a woman enveloped in a leaf, becoming one, and the residual imprint of her body in that of a fig leaf. The symbolism and the naïveté are something of a pose; the leaves and the innocent distortions have been added to a fairly academic naturalistic style, used with dexterity. (Rosenberg, Sept. 26-Oct. 22.)—D.J.

Alida Walsh Kipke, Clyde Espenschied: Miss Kipke has a good sense of design, which she expresses with apparent ease in many attractive paper collages. Her color harmonies are very satisfying in whatever range she chooses—an ability that extends to painting, of which she shows only one example. This canvas contains a sparkling arrangement of black, brown and white shapes in a rectangular grouping, with the paint briskly applied. Apart from one or two constructions of wood, crushed cans, etc., which give little opportunity for her excellent color, this is a successful show, and one looks forward to her next efforts. Boats, half-built or resting, absorb Espenschied, who has painted jumbled groups of these lovely shapes, fitting them into loose patterns. If his *Seascape* is any indication—a simpler collection of nonrepresentational forms in blues and grays—he may have a great deal more to contribute in the realm of gentle, landscape-inspired abstractions. (Art Directions, Oct. 8-21.)—V.R.

Sylvia Tarshis, Alice Marcus: From a group of flower paintings in various techniques, Miss Tarshis' one still life stands out, in its balance, firm drawing and quite charming color harmony, in which blue is dominant. Miss Marcus shows an ability to capture the nature of this city in strong, pure color, especially in its more forbidding aspects. One large figure painting, in a totally different style, displays considerable sensitivity in the treatment of the head. (Panoras, Oct. 24-Nov. 5.)—V.R.

Clara Shainess: Blurred nonobjective paintings show that the correct prevailing influences have been absorbed, if not really understood. There is also a multitude of painted collages, some employing industrial waste—wire, metal sheeting and disks—others, brightly colored strips of paper. All show more ease, an enjoyment of the medium, and are rather gay. (Madison, Oct. 22-Nov. 4.)—V.R.

Gudrun Kongelf, Ellen Hernaes: Miss Kongelf, a Norwegian artist making her debut here after many exhibitions in Europe, shows geometric abstractions; impressive is *Blue Composition*, taut and sustained by rich cool color, and *Vision*, a vertical structuring of blurred blues. The still gorgeousness of traditional Byzantine mosaics is not found in the works of Miss Hernaes, although she studied in Ravenna and Rome and has been influenced by the Byzantine style. Her compositions are somewhat cluttered; best is a small, simple panel called *Pigeons*. (Galerie Internationale, Oct. 1-15.)—H.D.M.

Three Painters: Ruth Brody does stylized landscapes, usually in one primary color and white. David Sebold's paintings are best described as very likable, black-edged splashes of color, which, in their composition, are not too far away from

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natural forms. They do not seem meant to be profound, but are certainly attractive, competing with Eugene Hutmeyer's equally pleasant water-colors of land- and cityscapes. (Carmel, Sept. 30-Oct. 19.)—V.R.

Founders' Exhibition: Here are 124 waiting paintings—to be distributed, on the last day of the exhibition, to the non-painting members of the organization who have drawn lots for them. The painting members seem to be in good shape, and have presented mostly landscapes and portraits—all executed in a very businesslike fashion. (Grand Central, Sept. 15-Oct. 27.)—V.R.

Eliot Elisofon: In addition to being a noted photographer for *Life* magazine, Elisofon is an accomplished water-colorist. His flower studies are made up of blushes of color, with the plant sometimes delineated in ink. Occasionally he treats a whole garden in a series of "wet" shapes, which resolve themselves into a loose organic pattern. At his enormously professional best, he has something of Redon, but is less pleasing when he tackles the figure, using crayon and wash, or when he is working something out with snipe decoys, whose forms are not really exciting enough to merit so many renderings. (Durlacher, Oct. 4-29.)—V.R.

Oliver Charles: Faceted, formalized, crumbly buildings are set against a blue sky: the only shapes in a dream world, without people or life in any form. It is an orderly, precious world, inspired by Venice, and well done in a sweetish way. (International, Oct. 22-Nov. 2.)—V.R.

Edward King: Although these paintings have much to recommend them (a brisk abstract style and a sense of surprising juxtapositions of color), there is a certain uneasiness in their formal qualities. They rely heavily upon roughly circular and curved shapes as a means of organization, and yet the formal elements themselves are played down or disguised. The occasionally dripped or splattered line, somewhat cautiously admitted, suggests that the painting may be moving toward a more automatic abstract expression. This would account for the provisional, tenuous quality that one senses in the work, despite its obvious accomplishments. (Hicks St., Oct. 14-Nov. 3.)—J.R.M.

Eva Deutsch Taussig: It is hard to believe these small pictures are not done in Day-Glo. Miss Taussig systematically covers canvas after canvas with well-composed decorations in solid color, all very neat, and slightly calligraphic. One prefers the quieter efforts, such as *Composition in Blue*, where the solid areas move close to each other. (Carmel, Oct. 21-Nov. 9.)—V.R.

Akos Biro: These are pleasurable landscapes and still lifes. The work has a freely drawn and brushed quality, a tendency to pick up the atmospheric tone of a scene rather than its solid structuring. One senses, too, a certain element of Gauguin, a flair for exotic coloring, as in *Mougins*, where the areas of wheat gold are played against fields of salmon pink and mauve. It is the painterly ease of the work which makes the most significant appeal. This is the artist's first one-man showing in New York. He lives in France, near Vallauris. (Hutton, Oct. 10-22.)—J.R.M.

John Damm: A sureness in these casein paintings suggest a possible training in the graphic arts, which may eventually be nullified by the overexposure of the painter to Oriental philosophy. Black scribbles, like smashed paper lanterns, are filled with beautiful, translucent color washes. (International, Oct. 12-21.)—V.R.

Legh Myers, Pearl Hardaway: The prevailing motif of the sculpture in this show seems to be

the tusk form, which Mr. Myers has carved out of wood, smoothed, and arranged vertically in various compositions. *American Family* is a group of four such shapes, which support between them, by means of metal rods, a smaller doughnut shape. Myers includes other works derived from acrobatic poses, in the same medium, as well as pieces in concrete and aluminum. Miss Hardaway shows many pen studies of groups of amorphous figures, in which chiaroscuro serves only to demonstrate an incomplete understanding of the human form. Her canvases of heads and fragmentary figures are cloudy, but quite prettily painted. The works are not helped by pretentious titling. (Madison, Oct. 8-21.)—V.R.

Three-Man Show: Beverly Sandman shows a decorative feeling in her flower pieces, and a small talent for characterization in her figure drawings. Jo Schuller has a rather alarming gift for portraiture, shown in her untutored and true pencil drawings, which suck every grain of character from the sitters. She has also done some promising abstract water colors. Ralph Gray composes landscapes with figures in surprisingly vibrant colors for the medium of pastel—most lively. (Adam Ahab, Oct. 1-15.)—V.R.

Sadie Rosenblum: More spirit than substance, Miss Rosenblum's children, mothers and family groups inhabit a weightless world. Faceless and communal, they are snapped back into reality by sensitively particularized attitudes. Drawing follows the line of least resistance with simple, sentimental approximations of form whose issue is more eloquent of the artist's compassion than her technique, which is tentative if not secondary. The effect is unassuming but not naïve. (Roko, Oct. 3-26.)—S.T.

De Witt Hardy: From the very few works on hand for review, it would seem that Hardy is in the phase known as "experimentation." That is, he is cutting board into irregular, kidney shapes, and is dribbling paint on them. To stress his youth may seem a low blow, but on the other hand his age (eighteen) is an extenuating circumstance in the perpetration of rather bad, eclectic painting. (Pietrantonio, Oct. 1-15.)—V.R.

Joseph Sheppard: The release for these genre paintings of the New York scene states that the artist has been compared with Rubens: the best one can say is that there appears to be no basis for such a comparison. It ought to be possible to pull off a picture of a newsstand, a group of figures around a hot-dog vendor, or even one of the Statue of Liberty, but Sheppard's slippery paint, and what can only be described as lack of taste, precludes success in such an attempt. But in spite of the quality of the paint, his color is quite fresh. Most attractive is a picture of a subway entrance at night. (Grand Central, Oct. 18-29.)—V.R.

Erno Monda: A lattice, usually in a color contrasting so strongly with its background as to appear inlaid—green or blue on red—dominates most of Monda's small paintings. The brushwork is so carefully varied that it defeats itself, becoming labored, with the exception of that in *Peillon Village*, which is deft, and which is in unison with more complex color, red, yellow and blue quickly shuttling back and forth on their color gamuts, and a larger, more frontal grid, which avoids the intrusion of the torpid background harmful to the other works. (Collector's, Oct. 3-22.)—D.J.

Dale Joe, Sung Woo Chun, Noriko Yamamoto: Dale Joe is from California and the oldest of the three young painters. He presents the most obviously Oriental attitude in pale and serene abstract landscapes, almost icescapes, which suggest the inevitable sweep of nature. Sung Woo

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IN THE GALLERIES

Chun, the youngest and best, is from Seoul, Korea. His large abstractions are somewhat in the manner of Okada. The rich colors and open compositions are conservative, but the sensitivity is warm and delicate. Miss Yamamoto is the wildest of the group. Her explosions are honest, but raw, and the black scraggly tracks cover up the best part of the paintings. (Mi Chou, Sept. 27-Oct. 22.)—L.S.

Eden Hodara: The collage continues to crop up, and meetings with it are often pleasant. This time they are all paper, with a preponderance of colored tissue fragments, arranged on a white ground according to the rules of good design. Relief is provided by the insertion of the odd piece of French newspaper, and the whole is dusted with what could be poppy seed, but is probably dust or sand. A slight Oriental flavor pervades these compositions, as well as a suggestion of plant forms. (Pietrantonio, Oct. 16-30.)—V.R.

Joe Jones, Douglas Duder: Jones's delicate seascapes are presented with Feininger's economy, but reflect a little too much of his commercial work. They are crisp, quick sketches, and the oil on canvas is used like chalk on brown paper. The large *Beach* is stronger and better by the absence of arbitrarily stylized lines. Duder also shows seascapes, even more conventional, but quiet and well composed. They are enhanced by restraint, and better where they are more abstract. Here the comfortable solidity relaxes a bit and the feeling is more open, more modern and more honest. (Selected Artists, Sept. 19-Oct. 1.)—L.S.

Nicholas Krushenick: Shapes cut out of paper, painted in colored inks and fixed together with tremendous skill make up a most appealing show. These compositions probably look too simple, so that many people will not see that Krushenick has a marvelously unfogged eye, and a sense of form that many sculptors could do with. One especially liked *Groundhog Day*: blue-green ground with a big circular symbol or seal shape in the middle. (Brata, Oct. 7-27.)—V.R.

Jo Fahrenkopf: After six or seven years devotion to painting, she is still preoccupied with small geometrical groupings in gouache, pastel and oil. (Aegis, Oct. 7-Nov. 3.)—V.R.

Leonardo Nierman: The style in these paintings varies between spiky vertical constructions worked against cloudy abstractions as landscapes, and fanciful landscapes (*Prehistoric Landscape No. 3*, for example) discovered within the abstractions themselves. What is impressive, however, is not the formal inventiveness of the work, but its quite expert phasing of color for spatial effects and its high degree of technical accomplishment. (Hammer, Oct. 4-15.)—J.R.M.

Constance McMillan: In her oil paintings, Miss McMillan is on the dull side, with her neat organization bearing traces of Cubism; most of them are landscapes with figures, painted in a high key. Her water colors are looser, more naturalistic, and better. (Panoras, Oct. 10-22.)—V.R.

Emil Schumacher: This West German painter is having his second one-man show. The paintings are heavy and have a feeling of turgor. They are encrusted with pigment, scarred by the density of the applications, and their color is of suggestion rather than hue. Schumacher deals with a primal image of man, a decidedly earthbound creature. But *High Figure* is like a ghost leaving the scene of a defeat. *Jwan*, a head, is powerful and frightening. (Kootz, Oct. 4-22.)—H.D.M.

Sam Middleton: These might be described as "action" collages, painted with paper, water color and tempera and resembling, almost inevitably,

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long neglected, weatherbeaten billboards. The line of descent from Schwitters is broken by the emphasis here on tearing and reassembly. Visually it is impossible to cope with the profusion of textures and shapes which project the artist's confusion between what is fascinating and what is an idea. (Contemporary Arts, Oct. 3-21.)—S.T.

Tetsuo Ochikubo: Whitney Foundation and Guggenheim Award winner Ochikubo is showing for the third time. The weightlessness of these compositions is produced by floating and hovering kitelike shapes and hourless moons which drift in a tonal glare that is cut down by the textural tranquillity of a palette infused with white. The soothing chalkiness of the entire surface provides the major unity in an abstract scheme beset with too much background. There is not so much a sense of space as the loftiness of altitude, while the woven regularity of dripping effects suggests the extent to which preconception dominates these decorative designs. (Krasner, Oct. 3-22.)—S.T.

Malcolm Spooner: These paintings conspicuously show the posthumous tutelage of Klee. In the earlier ones Spooner neatly places rectangles filled with somewhat humorous hieroglyphs upon a plain ground; the recent ones have a free and simple grid of black lines before a stained color varied within each of the consequent panels. Klee has provided so much that the results, although competent, are placid. (Two Explorers, Sept. 6-30.)—D.J.

Pierre Jérôme: Though a better painter than his facility would lead one to believe, Jérôme, a French artist, makes only an occasional effort to escape the stylistic shorthand in which figures, still lifes and flower pieces are rapidly blocked out in similarly oversimplified color schemes and whipped into shape with a darting black line. (Vercel, Oct. 4-22.) . . . Bertram Goodman: Though some of these paintings sometimes strike a true note of the grotesque, especially *The Vendors*, they are more often a little weird, with the tenseness of the subject matter brought out in manneristic attenuation that affects figures and buildings alike. (En Bas, Oct. 13-31.)—S.T.

Josef Head: Dreamy little balloon maidens, protected by too much varnish and sugar, are the weakest; the architectural studies are better. (Nessler, Sept. 26-Oct. 15.) . . . Don Turano: A variety of materials are used in rather traditional sculptured figures. (Nessler, Oct. 17-Nov. 5.) . . . Arthur Chapman: A show of big abstract oils, primarily black and white, presents anger at the expense of almost all else. (Poor Man's, Oct. 21-Nov. 5.) . . . Samuel Mogavero: His small and luckily modest paintings do fairly well with old problems. (Kottler, Oct. 10-22.) . . . James Peter Niland: This is mostly student work; the young painter shows some talent in a couple of still lifes. (Burr, Oct. 9-22.) . . . René Brochard: A cold, harsh feeling greatly detracts from these oils, but the shapes are dynamic and the concept of space is new and flying, after Léger. (Monede, Oct. 11-29.) . . . Howard Silverman: An Impressionist from Pittsburgh shows fluttery oils of traditional Impressionist territory. (Selected Artists, Oct. 4-15.) . . . Howard Mandel: Caseins of the city, recalling Koerner and Shahn, but without the bite, are smoothed and stylized, never deeply felt. (Selected Artists, Oct. 17-29.)—L.S.

George Herbert: A Trinidad-born sculptor shows small figurative works in wood and terra cotta; he can carve detail exactly, as in *Figure of a Young Man*, or let the forms of his work flow with the grain of the wood, as in the lovely birch carving *Mother and Child*. (Arkep, Oct. 1-13.) . . . Mabel D'Amico: Bits of varicolored glass continued on page 69

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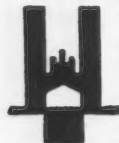
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WHERE TO SHOW

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Birmingham, Ala.: Water Color Society of Alabama 21st Annual, Birmingham Museum of Art, Oct. 23-Nov. 19. Open to all artists. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50. Entry cards and work due Oct. 14. Write: Birmingham Museum, 8th Ave. and 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Boston, Mass.: Henri Studio Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. All painting and graphic media. Prize: One-Man Show. No fee. Write: Secretary, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

Bryantville, Mass.: Brockton Art Assn. 4th Annual Winter Show, Feb. 18-Mar. 10. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, drawing, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, jewelry, silver work. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry cards and work due Feb. 11. Write: Robert Collins, Box 97, Bryantville, Mass.

El Paso, Texas: El Paso Art Association Sun Carnival Exhibition, Dec. 11-Jan. 8. Open to all artists. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry cards and work due Nov. 26. Write: Mrs. Sam Rodehaver, 5017 Timberwolf Dr., El Paso, Texas.

New York, N. Y.: Abbey Scholarship in Mural Painting. Competition open to citizens of U. S. not more than 35 years of age. Entry cards due Jan. 13, work due on Jan. 20 only. Write: Secretary, Abbey Memorial Scholarship Fund, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Allied Artists of America 47th Annual, National Academy Galleries, Nov. 2-20. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards and work due Oct. 20. Write: Carl Setterberg, Treas., P.O. Box 3057, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

Gallery Arkep One-Man Show Competition, Jan. 1961. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Fee: \$5. Entry cards due Nov. 15, work due Nov. 30. Write: E. B. Savage, Director, Gallery Arkep, 171 W. 29th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Arts Center Gallery Monthly Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Arts Center Gallery, 545 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Art Directions Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Art Directions Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Audubon Artists 19th Annual, National Academy Galleries, Jan. 19-Feb. 5. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes (\$3,000 total). Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Jan. 5. Write: Mina Kocherthaler, Secy., 124 W. 79th St., New York 24, N. Y.

National Society of Painters in Casein 7th Annual, Riverside Museum, March 5-26. Open to all artists. Casein paintings only. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Feb. 20. Write: Florian G. Kraner, Secy., 182 Bennett Ave., New York 40, N. Y.

Society of American Graphic Artists, Inc. 43rd Annual, IBM Gallery of Arts and Sciences, Nov. 7-26. Open to all artists. Media: intaglio, relief, planographic. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards due Oct. 7, work due Oct. 14. Write: Society of American Graphic Artists, Inc., 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Oakland, Cal.: Bay Printmakers' 6th National Print Exhibition, Oakland Art Museum, Nov. 5-27. Media: original prints in all media, except prints, monotypes, photographs retouched after printing. Judge: Louis Bunce. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry card and fee due Oct. 21. Write: Bay Printmakers Society, c/o Oakland Art Museum, Oakland 7, Cal.

Palm Beach, Fla.: Society of the Four Arts Contemporary Exhibition, Dec. 2-30. Open to all artists in U. S. Media: oils, water colors and drawings, done in 1959. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (refunded if works are rejected). Entry cards due Nov. 5, work due Nov. 12. Write: Society of the Four Arts, Four Arts Plaza, Palm Beach, Fla.

Peoria, Ill.: Peoria Art Center National Water Color Exhibition, Feb. 5-28. Open to all artists. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Jan. 31. Write: Mrs. M. J. Sparks, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

Washington, D. C.: 27th Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Jan. 14-Feb. 26. Open to all artists. Media: oil,

oil-tempera, encaustic. Jury. Prizes. Slides of work due Oct. 14. Write: Biennial Secretary, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington 6, D. C.

Regional

Baton Rouge, La.: Louisiana Art Commission 18th Louisiana State Exhibition, Old State Capitol, Oct. 30-Nov. 20. Open to Louisiana artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics, ceramics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Oct. 20. Write: Louisiana Art Commission, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge, La.

Cincinnati, O.: Artists of Cincinnati and Vicinity Fifteenth Annual, Cincinnati Art Museum, Nov. 22-Jan. 3. Open to artists within a 75 mile radius of Cincinnati. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Oct. 15. Write: Cincinnati Art Museum, Cincinnati, O.

East Orange, N. J.: Art Center of the Oranges 10th Annual State Exhibition, March 5-18. Open to all N. J. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Feb. 8, work due Feb. 11, 12. Write: Egbert T. Angell, 427 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

Evansville, Ind.: Four-State Exhibition, Evansville Museum of Arts and Sciences, Nov. 6-30. Open to artists of Ky., Ind., Ill., Tenn. Media: painting, drawing, sculpture, graphics. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Oct. 1-18. Write: Evansville Museum, 411 S.E. Riverside, Evansville 13, Ind.

Huntington, W. Va.: 9th Annual Exhibition 180, Huntington Galleries, April 23-May 28. Open to artists of W. Va. and those living within 180 miles of Huntington in Ohio and Ky. Media: oil, water color, prints, graphics, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards due March 29, work due April 2. Write: Huntington Galleries, Huntington, W. Va.

Lawrence, Kans.: Department of Design, University of Kansas, Kansas Designer-Craftsman Show, Oct. 30-Nov. 20. Open to natives and residents of Kansas and residents of Kansas City, Mo. Media: ceramics, silver, sculpture, weaving, jewelry. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due Oct. 16-19. Write: Miss Marjorie Whitney, Chairman, Department of Design, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kans.

Louisville, Ky.: Art Center Annual, J. B. Speed Art Museum, Apr. 1-30. Open to residents of Ky. and Southern Ind. Media: painting, graphics, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Nelle Peterson, 2111 S. First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

Memphis, Tenn.: American Association of University Women, Mississippi River Craft Show, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, May 5-28. Open to craftsmen in states bordering the Mississippi River. Media: ceramics, textiles, metal, enamel, glass, mosaic. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2 for 3 entries. Write: Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis 12, Tenn.

Raleigh, N. C.: Annual North Carolina Artists' Competition, North Carolina Museum of Art, Dec. 11-Jan. 22. Open to natives of the state and to residents of one year prior to Oct., or of five years at some earlier time. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Nov. 8. Write: Margaret T. Burns, North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh, N. C.

Seattle, Wash.: Northwest Artists 46th Annual Exhibition, Seattle Art Museum, Nov. 10-Dec. 4. Open to artists residing in Wash., Ore., Mont., Idaho, B. C. and Alaska. Jury. Prizes. Entry cards and work due Oct. 22. Write: Seattle Art Museum, Volunteer Park, Seattle 2, Wash.

Shreveport, La.: Shreveport Art Club 38th Annual Louisiana State Exhibit Museum, Nov. 6-27. Open to artists of La., Ark., Texas, Miss. Media: painting, jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for 1st painting, \$2 each additional (limit, 3). Entry cards and work due Oct. 13-21. Write: Shreveport Art Club, La. State Exhibit Museum, 3015 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport, La.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League Annual Fall Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, Nov. 20-Dec. 18. Open to artists of the New England states. Media: oil, water color, casein, gouache, pastel, sculpture, graphics, drawings. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Nov. 8. Write: Muriel T. LaGasse, Secy., 463 Sunrise Terr., Springfield, Mass.

Youngstown, O.: 13th Annual Ceramic and Sculpture Show, Butler Institute of American Art, Jan. 1-Feb. 26. Open to residents and former residents of Ohio. Media: ceramic or enamel, also sculpture and jewelry in any medium. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2, plus handling charge. Work due Nov. 6-Dec. 18. Write: Butler Institute of American Art, 524 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 67

are shaped on a flat surface into decorative bird or fish forms, and nature-worn objects are applied to weathered-board surfaces; the most interesting work is a hanging sculpture that recalls Chinese wind bells. (Bodley, Sept. 26-Oct. 15.) . . . **Olive Lyford**: These monochromatic abstractions are characterized by linear stabs of line on a heavily textured ground, and the main forms are caught in flickering sweeps of lightened color. (Bodley, Oct. 10-29.) . . . **Adeine de La Noë**: *Dance of Vheat* is a singularly bright canvas in a group whose exuberant brushing and robust, blocky forms show the influence of the painter's former teacher, Hans Hofmann. (Bodley, Sept. 19-Oct. 8.) . . . **Judith Jaffee**: A series of panoramic cityscapes is balanced by several close-up and impressionistic views of stands of trees through the seasons; both aspects of the painter are interesting, although decisions about specific color and form are weak. (Bodley, Oct. 10-22.) . . . **Oscar Liebman**: *Street Corner*, in which a female nude appears out of a heavy, dark impasto, is the most interesting painting in this overworked group. (Oct. 17-Nov. 5.)—A.V.

Roberto Gari: The realistic rendering of women and children plus some oversized still lifes are painted in chalky colors that are applied with a palette knife to give a dry and brittle surface effect. (Juster, Oct. 10-29.) . . . **Rainey Bennett**: These water colors are decorative and whimsical, some semiabstract, such as *Blue Phantom*, where clear washes are used to achieve a textural effect; *Painted Guitar* is a lively composition of a room interior. (Feingarten, Sept. 26-Oct. 15.) . . . **Stewart Kranz**: A Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, who has shown in a number of regional shows, exhibits a series of oils in which amorphic forms weave and interlock in uninspired arrangements; the colors, running mostly to pale cosmetic pink, orange and purple, are not interesting enough to distract one from the designs. (Artzt, Oct. 14-25.) . . . **Shuler**: A newcomer to this gallery shows oils with titles—such as *Oriental Mood*, *Adventure No. 1* and *Fall Foliage*—that do little to conceal the fact that a limited commercial art technique is pushed to the breaking point. (Artzt, Oct. 17-27.) . . . **Willard Degan**: This is another first one-man show which seems at best premature; the limited invention and the insensitive handling of the paint itself were apparent in the three canvases that were available for preview. (Artzt, Oct. 4-16.)—H.D.M.

BOOKS continued from page 17

In this process the critic's role can be the vital one. Planché and Thoré played a considerable part in winning for Delacroix a just appreciation of his qualities. Zola championed Manet. Renoir's friend Rivière produced a little magazine to defend the Impressionists at the moment it was most needed, and was ever prepared to call Cézanne a great painter in 1877. Fénéon explained what Seurat was trying to do. To the critic the moral of all this is (or ought to be) obvious. Don't write about art which you don't appreciate—better remain silent, or in due course you are going to be paraded, like Albert Wolf, as a blind, stupid and malicious fool. It's also wise to keep away from theorizing and trying to guide artists in a particular direction—unless you are something of a genius, it simply won't work. If one wants to make a modest but dignified appearance in the history books, it is much better to watch what your artist friends are doing, and then explain it as clearly and fully as possible. People may never realize that you were putting something into words for the first time, but at least you're on the side of the angels.

Alan Bowness

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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

ALBANY, N. Y.
INSTITUTE OF ART AND HISTORY, to Oct. 23: Contemporary French Tapestries

ANKARA, TURKEY
STUDIO 7, Oct. 4-25: J. D. Carter

ATLANTA, GA.
ART ASSOCIATION, Oct. 7-Nov. 7: Member-Collector Show; Oct. 9-30: E. Schumacher; Oct. 15-Nov. 5: Forms from Israel; Oct. 15-30: P. Stone

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Oct. 16: European Art Today

WALTERS ART GALLERY, to Oct. 23: Daily Life in Ancient Egypt

BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
ART MUSEUM, Oct. 3-31: National Religious Art Exhibition

BOSTON, MASS.
DOLL & RICHARDS, Oct. 3-20: Chao Shao-An

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART, Oct. 6-Nov. 6: Egon Schiele

MIRSKY GALLERY, to Oct. 15: A. Duca; Oct. 20-Nov. 9: C. Nelson

MUSEUM, to Oct. 16: Recent Sculpture U.S.A.; Oct. 26-Dec. 4: M. Prendergast

SIEMMAB GALLERY, Oct. 7-Nov. 3: Iso Papo; S. Trefonides, photographs

BRIGHTON, MASS.
HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Oct. 9-22: Jackson, Henry, Zarella

BUFFALO, N. Y.
ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, to Oct. 16: Chase Manhattan Bank Collection

CHARLOTTE, N. CAR.
MINT MUSEUM, Oct. : Oriental Art

CHICAGO, ILL.
ARTS CLUB, Sept. 29-Oct. 29: Young French Painters

ART INSTITUTE, to Oct. 30: Gandhara Sculpture; Oct. 16-Nov. 13: Carot; Oct. 25-Dec. 24: Japanese Figure Prints; to Oct. 31: Rembrandt Etchings; to Nov. 8: T. Gericault

SUPERIOR STREET GALLERY, Sept. 14-Oct. 15: Gallery Group

CINCINNATI, OHIO
MUSEUM, Oct. 6-Nov. 13: Walt Kuhn Memorial Exhibition; Oct. 15-Nov. 15: Gifts to the Museum: Prints

CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER, J. Tschichold

CLEVELAND, OHIO
MUSEUM, Oct. 4-Nov. 13: Paths of Abstract Art

COLD SPRING HARBOR, L. I.
LAZUK GALLERY, Oct. 2-22: David Burliuk

COLOGNE, GERMANY
WALLRAF-RICHARTZ-MUSEUM, Sept. 17-Nov. 20: German Expressionist Art; from Oct. 23: Hittite Art

COLUMBIA, S. CAR.
MUSEUM OF ART, Oct. 1-23: T. Rowlandson; Oct. 1-30: Graphics Exhibition; Oct. 2-30: A. Menaboni; Oct. 19-Nov. 14: N. Lafaye, F. Bunce

COSHOCKTON, OHIO
J. HUMRICKHOUSE MUSEUM, to Oct. 16: The America of Currier and Ives

DALLAS, TEX.
MUSEUM FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS, Oct. 18-Nov. 27: Contemporary Italian Sculpture

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Oct. 8-Nov. 13: 22nd Annual Exhibition

DAYTON, OHIO
ART INSTITUTE, to Oct. 23: 20th Century Design—U.S.A.; to Oct. 16: E. Hewett

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, Oct. 3-Feb. 12: Shape and Form

DES MOINES, IOWA
ART CENTER, to Nov. 6: P. Evergood

DETROIT, MICH.
INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Oct. 18-Dec. 31: Masterpieces of Flemish Art: Van Eyck to Bosch

EVANSVILLE, IND.
MUSEUM OF ARTS & SCIENCES, to Oct. 11: Major Works in Minor Scale

FREIBURG, GERMANY
KUNSTVEREIN, Oct. 30-Nov. 17: Ben Nicholson

GREENSBURG, PA.
WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM, Sept. 11-Nov. 6: Man as Image

HANOVER, GERMANY
KESTNER-GESELLSCHAFT, to Oct. 15: H. Reichel

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, to Oct. 16: 23rd Annual Water Color Society

HOUSTON, TEX.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Oct.-Nov. 16: Pre-Columbian Mystery; Oct. 22-Dec. 11: From Goyguin to Gorky

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
ART MUSEUM, Oct. 2-19: Director's Choice; Artist's League Gallery; R. Craven, Harrison, Covington

KALAMAZOO, MICH.
WESTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, Oct. 8-30: Lithographs of Fantin-Latour

LA JOLLA, CALIF.
ART CENTER, to Nov. 6: La Jolla Collects; Oct. 5-Nov. 6: P. Taberski; to Nov. 30: Recent Acquisitions

LINCOLN, MASS.
DE CORDOVA MUSEUM, to Oct. 16: German Artists of Today; Oct. 23-Dec. 18: McGinnis Collection

LONDON, ENGLAND
BEAUX ARTS, Sept. 15-Oct. 12: H. Koppel

GIMPEL FILS, Contemporary British; 19th & 20th Century French

ARTHUR TOOTH, Sept. 27-Oct. 15: Recent Developments in Painting III

WADDINGTON, Oct.: Adam Tessier

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
COUNTY MUSEUM, Oct. 19-Nov. 27: 40th Exhibition of the California Water Color Society; Rockefeller Collection of American Folk Art; to Dec. 24: E. Deakin

LANDAU, Sept. 26-Oct. 15: W. Brown

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, to Oct. 16: Southern California Designer-Craftsmen; Oct. 25-Nov. 13: Alaska and Hawaii Art

ROBINSON & CO., Oct. 15-29: Parker Exhibition of Contemporary Italian Painting

ROBLES GALLERY, Oct. 3-22: R. Frame; Oct. 24-Nov. 12: F. Wight

TOWER GALLERY, Oct. 11-Nov. 6: Pasadena Society of Artists

WESTSIDE JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, to Oct. 20: Guest Artists of 1960

LOUISVILLE, KY.
J. B. SPEED MUSEUM, Oct. 7-30: J. Villon

MIAMI, FLA.
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, to Oct. 31: Mexican Art Exhibition; B. Kolko; Oct. 9-31: E. Wilson

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART CENTER, to Oct. 30: Milwaukee Collects; Atget in Paris; Oct. 20-Dec. 4: At Work: Daumier to Shahn

JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER, Oct.: R. Callner

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
WALKER ART CENTER, to Oct. 16: J. R. Schuman Memorial Collection; Oct. 18-Nov. 6: Paris Vivant; Oct. 16-Nov. 20: Japanese Design Today

MONTCLAIR, N. J.
ART MUSEUM, Oct. 2-23: Koethe Kollwitz and her Contemporaries; Oct. 30-Dec. 4: 29th Annual New Jersey State Exhibition

MONTGOMERY, ALA.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, Oct. 2-31: D. Reed; Oct. 9-30: C. Fenderich

MONTREAL, CANADA
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, to Oct. 20: Contemporary Artists of Japan and China

MUNICH, GERMANY
FRANZ-MAYER ART INSTITUTE, to Oct. 15: Stained Glass and Mosaics

MUSEUM FÜR ANGEWANDTE KUNST, to Nov. 12: Japanese Handicrafts

NASHVILLE, TENN.
FINE ARTS CENTER, Oct. 9-Nov. 13: Biel

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, from Oct. 1: The Painting Media; 20th Century Sculpture; 18th Century Portraits; to Oct. 16: Japanese and European Woodcuts

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
ROSS-TALALAY GALLERY, Oct. 5-Nov. 1: European Lithographs

NEW LONDON, CONN.
LYMAN ALLYN MUSEUM, Oct. 9-30: H. Roach; Art in Local Collections

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
DELGADO MUSEUM, to Oct. 28: British Portraits and Landscapes of the 18th and 19th Centuries; Oct. 1-30: Contemporary Drawings from Latin America

OBERLIN, OHIO
D. P. ALLEN MUSEUM, Oct. 1-Nov. 1: Graphic Arts of Sweden

PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CALIF.
COMMUNITY ART ASSOCIATION, Oct. 7-31: Eskimo Art

PARIS, FRANCE
H. LE GENDRE, Oct. 19-Nov. 12: Carl Liner

RIVE DROITE, Oct. 11-Nov. 13: Yves Klein

PENSACOLA, FLA.
ART CENTER, Oct. 9-30: S. Eastman

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, Oct. 22-Nov. 27: Faculty Member's Exhibition

ART ALLIANCE, Oct. 7-27: E. Stenzler, C. van Vliet, C. Kemper, F. Gill, P. Mangione, G. Fry; Oct. 3-Nov. 9: The Landscape; Oct. 3-Nov. 11: Everyman's Gallery

CARL SCHURZ FOUNDATION, to Nov. 22: H. T. MacNeill

MUSEUM, through Oct. 30: Lithography

Senefelder to Picasso

NEWMAN GALLERIES, Sept. 28-Oct. 30: Haitian Artists

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
ART MUSEUM, Oct.: A Corporation Col

icks: Arizona Collects-Sculpture; Max
eckmann, Lackner Collection

PITTSBURGH, PA.
CARNegie INSTITUTE, to Oct. 23: H. N.
Carnegie Collection of Americana; Oct.
20-Dec. 11: Art Nouveau; Oct. 30-Dec. 4:
Bursztynowicz; Oct. 31-Dec. 4: George
Carlin Indian Lithographs

PORTLAND, ME.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Nov. 12: Winslow
Homer; Art of the Landscape

PORTLAND, ORE.
ART MUSEUM, Oct. 9-Nov. 2: D. Zaludek

DALEIGH, N. CAR.
NORTH CAROLINA MUSEUM OF ART, Oct.
14-Dec. 4: Tobacco and Smoking in Art

RECKLINGHAUSEN, GERMANY
STADTISCHE KUNSTHALLE, to Oct. 16:
Modern Italian Art

ROCKFORD, ILL.
ROCKFORD COLLEGES GALLERY, to Oct.
15: Picasso; Southwest Indian Art; Oct.
16-Nov. 12: Picasso Ceramics; C. Coultry

ROME, ITALY
LE JARDIN DES ARTS, Oct. 1-31: R. Hut-
ton; D. Bergamo

ROWAYTON, CONN.
FIVE MILE RIVER GALLERY, to Oct. 13:
franco; from Oct. 16: Creative Vision
for the Stage

ST. LOUIS, MO.
CITY ART MUSEUM, to Oct. 23: S. Roby
Foundation of Contemporary American
Painting and Sculpture; to Oct. 30: Group
15-29: Contemporary Japanese
Prints

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
FINE ARTS GALLERY, Oct. 7-30: War,
Peace and Union; Oct. 1-30: San Diego
Art Guild Exhibition

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF
HONOR, Oct. 8-Nov. 6: W. H. Calfee
DE YOUNG, Sept. 13-Oct. 13: Treasures of
Japan; from Oct. 20: H. Marie-Rose;
through Oct. 30: Nanoku Hideo
DILEX, Sept. 19-Oct. 15: L. Kerr; Oct. 17-
Nov. 12: A. Jensen; K. Schwitters
HOBBS GALLERY, Sept. 12-Oct. 14: M.
Tobey

MUSEUM OF ART, to Oct. 17: Art in Italy;
to Oct. 30: West Coast Printmakers; Oct.
18-Nov. 20: Masterpieces of the last 100
years from West Coast Museums and
Collections

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
MUSEUM OF ART, to Oct. 16: H. Nadler;
Clarence Hinkle Memorial Exhibition; Oct.
13-21: Prints by Munakata

SANTE FE, N. M.
MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO ART GALLERY,
to Oct. 27: N. Holland, L. Kanenson, F.
McCollough, Jr., A. C. Sims, B. Wood;
through Nov. 3: M. Mayer

SEATTLE, WASH.
ART MUSEUM, Oct. 3-Nov. 6: Form Giv-
ing; Los Angeles Paintings since 1925;
G. Anderson; J. Koenig

SOLINGEN, GERMANY
DEUTSCHES KLINGENMUSEUM, Oct. 26-
Dec. 2: Contemporary Art from Central
Africa

TAOS, N. MEX.
GALLERIA ESCONDIDA, Oct. 2-15: R. D.
Abbey

TORONTO, CANADA
ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, to Oct. 30:
Sculpture in Our Time; Painting in Post-
war Italy; Oct. 7-Nov. 6: Four Canadians
ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, to Oct. 16:
Great Costumes and Embroideries; from
Oct. 21: Lee of Fareham Collection

TULSA, OKLA.
PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Oct. 1-Nov. 30:
Engravings of Pieter Bruegel the Elder

UTICA, N. Y.
HUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTITUTE,
Oct. 15-Dec. 31: Art Across America; 300
Works from the Institute Collection

WASHINGTON, D. C.
ASSOCIATED ARTISTS GALLERY, from Oct.
5: Group

GRES, Sept. 26-Oct. 15: A. Kobzdej
JEFFERSON PLACE GALLERY, to Oct. 15:
Art from America's Cities

NATIONAL GALLERY, Oct. 8-30: Italian
Drawings from Five Centuries; Oct. 9-
Nov. 6: Manuscript Illuminations

WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
ROCKFELLER ART COLLECTION, to Oct.
26: E. Hicks

WORCESTER, MASS.
ART MUSEUM, Oct. 4-Dec. 4: G. O'Keeffe

TOKERS, N. Y.
HUDSON RIVER MUSEUM, Oct. 9-30:
Tokers Art Association 46th Annual Fall
Exhibition; Oct. 1: Bishop

TORR, PA.
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF YORK COUNTY,
Oct. 8-Nov. 3: H. Leopold, C. Jaffe

NEW YORK CITY
Museums:
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), through Oct.
31: European Prints from the Museum's
Collection; Oct. 18-Jan. 9: Egyptian Sculp-
ture from the Late Period
CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Sept.
23-Dec. 4: International Silver Competition

COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), to Oct. 15:
German Contemporary Design
GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), to Oct.
16: Before Picasso; After Mira; from Oct.
25: Guggenheim International
JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), Sept. 15-Oct.
30: Elsie Orfuss; Hans Rawinsky
METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Oct. 14-Jan.
8: The Arts of Denmark
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), Oct. 12-Jan. 2:
100 Modern Drawings from the Museum
Collection; Sept. 19-Oct. 30: New Talent
XIV-M. Baden, W. Gaudnek, L. Rabkin;
Sept. 28-Nov. 27: Visionary Architecture
MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(5th at 103), from Nov. 1: Rene Bouche
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), through
Oct. 16: Recent Additions, prints
PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), from Sept.
21: Three Regions of Mexican Art
RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr. at 103),
Oct. 2-23: Manhattan Group
STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND
SCIENCES (75 Stuyvesant Pl.), Oct. 9-
Nov. 13: Annual Fall Exhibition
WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Sept. 14-Oct. 30:
Young America

Galleries:
A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Oct. 17-Nov. 5: Harry
Sternberg
ADAM ABAB 2 (4 St. Marks Pl.), Oct. 1-
15: L. Woodman; Oct. 17-31: J. Schuller,
B. Sandman, R. Gray
AEGIS (70 E. 12), Oct. 7-Nov. 3: Jo Fahr-
enokpt
ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Oct. 3-22: N.
Oliviera
ANGELESKI (1044 Mad. at 79), Oct. 10-
29: R. Kobak
AREA (80 E. 10), Oct. 7-27: Member's
Group
ARKEP (171 W. 29), Oct. 1-31: G. Herbert
ART DIRECTIONS (600 Mad. at 56), Oct.
8-21: A. W. Kipke, C. Espenscheid; Oct.
22-Nov. 4: J. L. Kagle, R. Cowan
ARTISTS' (853 Lex. at 64), Oct.: Contem-
porary American Painting
ARTZT (142 W. 57), Oct. 4-16: W. Degen;
Oct. 14-25: S. Kranz; Oct. 17-27: Shuler
ASIA HOUSE (112 E. 64), Oct. 6-Nov. 15:
Ch'i Pui-shih
BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Sept. 26-
Oct. 13: Kimmig; Oct. 17-Nov. 5: Group
BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Sept. 20-Oct.
15: S. Rieger; Oct. 18-Nov. 10: J. Seley
BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Oct. 2-
14: D. Lauthian; Oct. 16-28: D. Gillespie
BAYER (51 E. 80), Oct. 4-Nov. 12: E.
Shiele
BERRY-HILL (743 5th at 57), 19th Century
Americans
BIANCHINI (16 E. 78), Oct.: M. Thompson
BODLEY (223 E. 60), Oct. 10-29: O. Lyford;
Oct. 10-22: J. Jaffe; Sept. 21-Oct. 15:
M. D'Amico; Oct. 17-Nov. 5: O. Liebman
BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct. 3-
22: G. Voss; Oct. 25-Nov. 12: M. Negri
BRATA (56 3rd at 11), Oct. 7-27: N.
Krushenick; Oct. 28-Nov. 17: E. Bleicher,
H. Goldstein
BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), Oct.
15-Nov. 6: Group; Oct. 15-Nov. 6: Water
Color Show
BURR (115 W. 55), Oct. 9-22: J. Niland;
Oct. 23-Nov. 5: Ethelyn Woodcock
CAMINO (89 E. 10), Oct. 1-13: Elliot,
Arms, Lathrop; Oct. 14-Nov. 3: R. Coates
CARMEL (82 E. 10), Sept. 30-Oct. 19:
R. Brody, E. Hutter, M. D. Sebald; Oct.
21-Nov. 9: E. Deutsch
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Oct.: Contemporary
European and Americans
CARUS (243 E. 82), Oct. 3-26: Group
CASTELLANE (19 E. 76), Oct. 5-26: M.
Sandol
CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Sept. 27-Oct. 16:
Frank Stella
CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), Oct. 3-Nov.
30: Jean Arp, Sophie Tauber Arp
COBER (14 E. 69), Sept. 27-Oct. 15:
Sidney Tillim; Oct. 18-Nov. 5: Ben John-
son
COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Oct. 3-22: E.
Monda
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Oct.
3-22: Vacchi, Romiti, Fabbri
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (19 E. 71), Oct.
3-21: S. Middleton; Oct. 24-Nov. 11: S.
Goodman
CRESPI (1153 Mad. at 85), Contemporary
Paintings and Sculpture
D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 83), Oct. 8-Nov.
5: Art of Ancient Peru
DAVIS (231 E. 60), Oct. 3-22: Group; Oct.
24-Nov. 12: St. Julian Fishburne
DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Sept. 27-Oct. 15:
M. Schnitzler; Oct. 18-Nov. 5: B. Lurie
DEITSCH (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct. 4-22:
H. Altman; Oct. 24-Nov. 23: New Acqui-
sitions
DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), from Oct.
7: The Miniature Mayan
DE NAGY (149 E. 72), Oct. 11-29: Fair-
field Porter
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Oct. 4-29: 35th
Annual
DUNCAN (215 E. 82), Oct. 1-20: French
Group; Oct. 15-Nov. 5: F. Cury; R. Hor-
ford; E. Smart
DURLACHER (11 E. 57), Oct. 4-29: Eliot
Elisofon
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Oct. 1-29: Bernardino
Luini
EGAN (313 E. 79), Oct. 10-Nov. 5: J.
Hofsky
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Oct. 3-29:
Emily Lowe Competition Winners

EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Sept. 27-Oct. 29:
Preview of the Season
EN BAS (1100 Mad. ent. on 83), Oct. 13-
30: B. Goodman
ESTE (32 E. 65), Oct. 10-29: 3 Centuries
of Italian Master Drawings
F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65), Sept. 19-Oct.
31: Graphic Arts
FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), Oct.: Contem-
porary American and Europeans
FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 78), Sept. 26-
Oct. 13: R. Bennett; Oct. 14-Nov. 3: E.
Norman
FINDLAY (11 E. 57), Oct. 3-16: Briancon
Oct. 24-Nov. 12: Rene Genis
FLEISCHMAN (84 E. 10), By appointment
only: Paintings & Sculpture
FRIED (40 E. 68), Sept. 26-Oct. 22: Lan-
des Lewit
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), Oct. 1-30: P. Gran-
lund
FULTON (61 Fulton St.), Oct. 1-30: D.
Fabricant, B. Earle, Alexander
FURMAN (46 E. 80), Oct.: Pre-Columbian
and African Sculpture
GALLERY (200 E. 59), Oct. 11-Nov. 5:
Paintings
GERSON (41 E. 57), Oct. 11-Nov. 5:
Alicia Penalba
GOTHAM (139 E. 61), through Oct. 15:
Master Drawings
GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH (254 Hicks
St., B'klyn), Oct. 14-16: 7th Annual Brook-
lyn Heights Art Show
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Oct. 4-29:
James Harvey
J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Oct. 4-29:
Henry J. Glintenkamp
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43),
through Oct.: Founders Show; Oct. 18-29:
J. Sheppard
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad.
at 79), Sept. 24-Oct. 13: H. Rowan; Oct.
15-Nov. 3: L. Salomeme
GREAT JONES (5 Gr. Jones St.), Sept. 26-
Oct. 16: V. Springfield; Oct. 17-Nov. 6:
Group
GREEN (15 W. 57), Oct. 18-Nov. 10: Mark
di Suvero
HAHN (611 Mad. 58), Oct. 17-Nov. 12:
School of Paris 1950-1960
HAMMER (51 E. 57), Oct. 4-15: Nierman
HARTERT (22 E. 58), Oct. 1-30: French
& American Primitives
HELLER (63 E. 57), Sept. 21-Oct. 15: Con-
temporary Italian Masters II
HERBERT (14 E. 69), Oct.: Appearance
and Reality
HICKS ST. (48 Hicks St.), Sept. 23-Oct. 13:
Group; Oct. 14-Nov. 3: Edward King
HIRSCHAL AND ADLER (21 E. 67), Oct. 25-
Nov. 19: W. S. Horton
HUTTON (41 E. 57), Oct. 10-22: Akos Biro;
Oct. 25-Nov. 19: Seft Weid
INTERNATIONAL ART (55 W. 56), Oct.
12-21: John Damm; Oct. 22-Nov. 2: O.
Charles
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82), Oct.
1-15: G. Kongelf, E. Hernaes; Oct. 18-31:
G. Brodhead
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Sept. 27-Oct. 15:
S. Regensburg; Oct. 18-Nov. 12: Elie
Nadelman
JACKSON (32 E. 69), Sept. 27-Oct. 22:
New Forms-New Media II; Oct. 25-Nov.
19: Karen Appel
JANIS (15 E. 57), Oct. 3-Nov. 5: 20th
Century Art
JUSTER (154 E. 79), Oct. 10-29: R. Gari
KENNEDY (13 E. 58), Oct.: Western Paint-
ings of the 19th Century
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Sept. 20-Oct. 29:
20th Century Water Colors and Pastels
KOETSER (1 E. 57), Old Masters
KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), Oct. 4-22: E.
Schumacher; Oct. 25-Nov. 12: W. Ronald
KOTTLER (3 E. 63), Oct. 10-22: S. Moga-
vero
KRASNER (1061 Mad. at 81), Oct. 3-22:
T. Ochikubo; Oct. 24-Nov. 12: M. Simpson
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Oct. 3-22:
A. Burke; Oct. 24-Nov. 12: Leon Goldin
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Oct. 4-22: Ralph
Rosenberg
LEVER HOUSE (Park Ave. at 54), Oct. 17-
Nov. 6: Sculptor's Guild Annual
LOEB (12 E. 57), Oct. 1-30: School of
Paris
MADISON (600 Mad. at 56), Oct. 8-21:
P. Hardaway, L. Myers; Oct. 22-Nov. 4:
C. Shainess
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Oct. 11-29: John
D. Graham
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Oct. 11-29: R. Kiley
MI CHOU (801 Mad. at 67), Sept. 27-
Oct. 22: S. Woo Chun, Dale Joe, N. Ya-
amoto
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Sept. 27-Oct. 19:
Art in Interiors; Oct. 25-Nov. 19: R.
Vickrey
MILCH (21 E. 67), Oct. 10-29: Adolph
Dehn
MONDE (929 Mad. at 74), Oct. 11-29:
Rene Brochard
MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Oct. 3-15:
Group; Oct. 18-Nov. 1: M. Jaubert-Del-
croix
NESSLER (718 Mad. at 64), Sept. 26-Oct.
15: J. Head; Oct. 17-Nov. 5: D. Turano
NEW (50 E. 78), Oct. 4-29: Major Modern
Drawings
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Oct.
3-22: Picasso; Oct. 24-Nov. 19: Jacob
Epstein
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Selected Works
from the Gallery's Collection

NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), from Oct. 4:
F. Singer
N. Y. CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINT-
INGS (28 E. 72), Oct.: Recent Acquisitions
NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Oct. 14-Nov.
10: Gallery Group
NORDNESS (831 Mad. at 69), Oct. 11-29:
David Aronson
OLD PRUITT CENTER (161 E. 52), Oct.:
Views of Cities in Latin American Countries
PADAWER (112 4th at 12), Oct.: Tony
Vevers
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Oct. 10-22: C.
McMillan; Oct. 24-Nov. 5: A. Marcus; S.
Tarsish
PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Oct. 4-22: Al
Newbill; Oct. 25-Nov. 12: M. Cordell
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Sept. 26-Oct. 15: D.
Bonge; J. Reichel; Oct. 17-Nov. 5: Ad
Reinhardt
PEN AND BRUSH CLUB (16 E. at 10),
Oct. 3-15: Jean Olds
PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Sept. 26-Oct.
22: S. Twardowicz; Oct. 24-Nov. 19:
R. Beck
PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to Oct. 15:
Modern Masters; Oct. 17-Nov. 26: Rouault
PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), Sept. 23-Oct. 13:
Invitation; Oct. 14-Nov. 3: J. Purpura
PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Oct. 1-25:
Madara; Oct. 16-30: DeWitt Hardy
POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Oct. 10-29: Sonia
Gechto
POOR MAN'S (438 E. 75), Oct. 21-Nov. 5:
A. Chapman
PORTRAITS INC. (136 E. 57), Oct. 4-22:
Olga Dornandi
RADICH (818 Mad. at 68), Sept. 27-Oct.
15: Group; Oct. 18-Nov. 12: American &
European Drawings
REHN (36 E. 61), Oct. 3-22: The Early
Years
ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Oct. 3-26: Sadie
Rosenblum
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Sept. 26-Oct. 22:
A. Fenosa; Oct. 24-Nov. 19: P. Kinley
SAGITTARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Oct. 3-
15: Lowman; Oct. 17-29: Cecil Beaton
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Oct. 4-29: T.
Kantor
SALPETER, Sept. 26-Oct. 22: Hal Lotterman
SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), Oct. 3-22: G.
Michaels, R. Rocklin; Oct. 24-Nov. 12:
Terry Frost
SCHAINEN STERN (236 E. 53), Oct. 5-28:
Lazar Vozarevich
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Oct.: Modern
French Paintings
SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS (209 E. 23),
Oct. 3-20: African Sculpture
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Oct.: 19th &
20th Century Still Lifes
SCULPTURE CENTER (161 E. 69), Oct. 17-
Nov. 9: Seft Swartz
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Sept. 27-
Oct. 15: L. Bigelow
SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Oct. 1-29: West
African Statuary
SEIFERHELD (158 E. 64), Sept. 26-Oct. 21:
Recent Acquisitions; Oct. 22-Nov. 30: Tie-
polo
SELECTED ARTISTS (903 Mad.), Oct. 4-15:
H. Silverman; Oct. 17-29: H. Mandel
SLATKIN (115 E. 92), Oct. 1-Nov. 1: New
Acquisitions
J. SMALL GALLERIES (8 E. 75), Pre-
Columbian Art; 20th Century Drawings
STABLE (924 7th at 58), Sept. 27-Oct. 15:
New Sculpture Group; Oct. 18-Nov. 5:
Walter Plart
STAEMPLI (47 E. 77), Sept. 27-Oct. 15:
W. Zogbaum; Oct. 18-Nov. 5: J. Fiore
STUTTMAN (13 E. 75), Oct. 4-Nov. 5: Pure
Abstraction-The Classic Image
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Sept. 19-Oct.
14: Caribbean Art; Oct. 17-Nov. 5: V.
Swan
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Oct.: Is Beauty
the Making One of Opposites?
TODD (25 Barrow St.), Sept. 20-Oct. 20:
L. Kracko
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
VALENTE (119 W. 57), Sept. 28-Nov. 5:
M. Hartley
VERCEL (23 E. 63), Oct. 4-22: Jerome
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.),
Oct. 3-20: 8th Annual Oil Exhibition; Oct.
24-Nov. 10: 16th Annual Sculpture &
Drawing; 16th Annual Graphic
WALKER (117 E. 57), Oct.: 19th & 20th
Century Paintings
WARREN (867 Mad. at 72), Sept. 26-Oct.
15: Group; Oct. 18-Nov. 12: Damian
WASHINGTON IRVING (49 Irving Pl.),
Oct. 3-29: American Painting of the 19th
& 20th Century
WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Oct. 1-30: New
Wood Cuts from Japan
WHITE (42 E. 57), Oct. 4-22: S. Bernstein
WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Oct. 4-29: 5th
International Hallmark Award; Oct. 5-22:
Max Moreau
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Oct. 4-29: G. Ina-
kuma
WISE (50 W. 57), Sept. 20-Oct. 15: Ernest
Briggs; Oct. 18-Nov. 12: G. McNeil
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Oct.:
Contemporary Posters
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Sept.
19-Oct. 22: Ensor; Oct. 25-Nov. 26: Du-
buffet
ZABRISKIE (36 E. 61), Oct. 3-22: Early
20th Century American Printmakers; Oct.
24-Nov. 12: R. De Niro

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